

# The Corsair.

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## THE CORSAIR OF THIS DAY CONTAINS:—

	Page.		Page.
Jottings Down,—On the Road by N. P. W.	457	Extract from the Life of Mrs. Hemans	458
Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon: by WM. THACKERAY, author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence"	453	Particulars of the Burning of the National Theatre.	459
The Orphan.	463	Park Theatre.	459
Rot your Italianos.	451	Reviews of New Works.	459
England and her Court.	456	Mr. Wallack and his company.	459
Marriage.	456	PLUNDERINGS BY THE WAY.	461
Morn and Evening.	449	Description of the late Session of Parliament.	461
The Warrior's Betrothed.	449	Remedy to Purify Water.	462
The Dagger and the Smile.	449	Anecdote of Sir Humphrey Davy.	462
Trial and Execution of Admiral Byng	459	Paganini at the Bath of Vernet.	461
Speech of Lord Brougham.	460	Galvanic Telegraph at the Great Western Railway.	462
Opium and its Baneful Effects.	461	Autographs.	462

### MORN AND EVENING.

When the dawn's first light is gleaming  
Faintly in the eastern sky,  
And when rays more brightly beaming  
Tell that morning's hour is high;  
When the western sky is glowing,  
Rich with purple and with gold,  
And the parting light is flowing;  
Through the cloudy curtain's fold;

And when faint and fainter growing,  
It's last beam has died away;  
And the evening star is glowing  
O'er the grave of parted day;  
On my soul the pure light stealing  
With a calm, resistless skill,  
Wakens every better feeling,  
Makes each idle wish be still.

When the beauteous flowers are folding  
Their soft leaves of varied hue,  
And each tiny cup is holding  
Sparkling drops of diamond dew;  
When the stars in yonder sky  
Like a golden volume shine,  
Whence the night in Majesty,  
Speaks with eloquence divine;

Every flower with bright dew bending,  
Every star which shines on high,  
From the earth a voice is sending,  
Or a message from the sky;  
With a voice to cheer the lonely,  
Or to waken pleasure's thrill,  
They will speak if thou wilt only  
Listen humbly and be still.

### THE WARRIOR'S BETROTHED.

They bore her away to the house of prayer,  
Ere the last lingering smile from her lip had gone,  
Slowly, and sadly, they lowered her there,  
To the home of her fathers beneath the stone.

And mutely they turned from that lonely tomb,  
Where the loveliest and loved in the cold vault lay;  
They felt that a shadow o'er earth had come,  
A glory had passed from each spirit away.

Yet time wore on in its weariless track,  
Till the hue returned to each cheek again,  
And the full glad tone to each voice came back,  
As though sorrows were hushed into silence then.

A young knight hath come in glory and pride,  
To his childhood's home from a far-off shore,  
And seeketh he fondly his destined bride  
In the once glad halls where he sought her of yore.

They led him then forth, 'midst the wild flowers' blooms,  
They showed him the grave where the loved one slept,  
Nor dreamed, as they turned from the churchyard's glooms,  
How fearful a blight o'er his spirit had crept.

All quenched was the fire of that young knight's eye;  
Ay, colder than stone was that lofty brow,  
And the hand that had wielded the axe on high,  
Fell powerless and still as an infant's now.

That dauntless fame to the earth was bowed low,  
As the lily might bend 'neath the raging blast,  
And low suppressed sobs on the soft breeze flow,  
As the warm tears gush from his soul full fast.

A warrior rode forth from the tented field,  
Begirt with the trophies of victories won,  
His armour of steel, and his blazoned shield,  
Flashed dazzlingly bright in the noon-day sun.

And his foaming steed pranced gaily on,  
As the shouts of a multitude sounded afar,  
And proudly he passed from that countless throng,  
The victor of battles—the glory of war.

A withered man came to his ancient halls,  
His spirit was bowed 'neath its weight of pain,  
His once-proud banners were hung on the walls,  
Never to flutter in triumph again.

Lonely he traversed his native vales,  
The flowers seemed faded, the moon shone dim—  
Did the birds then warble the same glad tales?  
Alas! all their music had passed from him.

Yet time had not altered that glowing scene—  
Time had not robbed it of beauty or tone,  
But shadows had swept o'er the soul within,  
And the treasures of earth seemed shrouded and gone.

S. C.

### THE DAGGER AND THE SMILE.

[Extract from "The Damsel of Darien," by Mr. Simms, author of "Guy Rivers," &c., to be published by Lea and Blanchard.]

For three days Vasco Nunez gave himself up to all the delights inspired by his new situation at Darien, and every hour of increased converse afforded him new promises of happiness in the contemplated connexion with Teresa. That capricious beauty maintained, in all this time, the most equable humility of temper; and whatever doubts her lover might have entertained before, in regard to the love she bore him, were all dissipated by the gentle confidence which she now bestowed upon him, and the devoted pleasure which she seemed to feel in his society. But the pressing emergencies of his settlement at Acla, demanded the attention of the adventurer in that quarter, and as the marriage was appointed to take place at a remoter period, it became necessary that he should forego the happiness, however great, which he felt in Darien, and hurry away to the scene of his labours. This he did with a reluctance easier imagined than described; and his regrets at separation were only surpassed by those of the maiden. Tender, and frequently repeated, were the assurances which she gave him of lasting fidelity and warmest love; and whatever may have been his sorrows at parting with so dear an object, they were all softened by the fond conviction that she was at length securely his—that his period of probation would soon be over, and he, who, long baffled in all respects, had at length triumphed over fame and fortune, should at length be followed by no less success in his labours in the field of love.

The new feelings of hope and love awakened in his bosom by meeting with Teresa, could now, separated from the object of his attachment, be quieted by employment only; and his first care on reaching Acla, was to get in readiness for transportation over the mountains of the isthmus the materials of the four brigantines which he intended to launch into the great south sea. The timber was felled and hewn upon the Atlantic seaboard, then, with the anchors and rigging, carried by human labour over the land. The only roads were Indian paths, which meandered through forests almost impervious, across swollen torrents, through rugged defiles, and along the sides of dangerous precipices. The labourers were chiefly Indians and negroes. The Spaniards, though more hardy than their employees, of better muscle, and better capable of bearing fatigue, were yet few in number. Together, however, with hearty goodwill, they toiled forward with their massive burdens, ascending with slow steps the bronze-like mountains, under the glaring fervour of a tropical sun. Many of them perished on their way, but the genius and perseverance of Vasco Nunez triumphed in the end, and after a thousand delays and disasters, which tasked all his patience to endure, and all his genius to remedy, he had the proud satisfaction at last of launching upon the great ocean he had discovered. Piece by piece had he carried the materials for his ships over a wild ridge of mountains, occupied by a savage people that hung in hostility around his footsteps, and amidst dangers, fatigues and privations, that might well have daunted a less ardent spirit. The exultation of his heart may be fancied by the reader, when he found himself for the first time upon the bosom of that wondrous ocean, and in the very pathway, perhaps, to no less wondrous lands that lay along its borders. "None but Spaniards," says Herrera, with a pardonable boast, "could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking; and no commander in the new world but Vasco Nunez could have conducted it to a successful issue."

Of the cruise of Vasco Nunez in the southern sea, of his visit to the Pearl Islands, and his conquests over hitherto unknown as well as known Indian tribes that rose in hostility upon his path, it is not within our province to speak. These matters may be found in history, and are already

recorded by Irving in his very interesting chronicles. It may be stated, however, that but for a change of wind, Vasco Nunez would in his very first voyage upon the Pacific have discovered Peru,—an adventure reserved for one of his followers—the least worthy, though not the least brave, of any among them. Providence, however, did not seem willing in his case, any more than in that of Columbus, to permit him, who led the way to conquest, to perfect its details. There is a moral justice, perhaps, in reserving for succeeding times and genius, those achievements which, by increasing the wonders in one man's performance, might strengthen too greatly his claims upon the gratitude and admiration of mankind, inasmuch as sometimes to weaken the hold of the Creator himself upon them. It is enough for genius to lead the way at first;—if it did not tend to the evil result already contemplated, it might at least subtract from the renown of the discoverer, were he to carry on his labours to the minute development of all its results. The ice once broken, the petty voyager may make his way in safety—it is glory enough for Columbus and Vasco Nunez, that they possessed the eye to see and the wing to reach, in advance of all, the realms which they respectively gave—not to Castile and Leon, merely, as the epitaph of the former idly expresses it—but to the world. Let the humbler adventurer penetrate its rivers, dig its mountains, and cast nets into its seas for the pale, white jewels of the deep.

While Vasco Nunez was thus triumphantly riding the billows of the southern sea, the youth, Pedro, watched all his movements with a hostility duly sharpened by each day's additional experience. When the former, with that daring spirit which alone seemed to have effected all his purposes, was pushing his way to conquest, as it were, in very spite of fortune, the admiration of the youth had been superior to his hate. His resolves, and the influence by which he was wrought upon to suspend the stroke of his meditated vengeance, are already known to the reader in the progress of this narrative. It is also known by what circumstance he was prompted to renew his oath of hostility, and to forget those more generous sentiments by which he had hitherto been governed. An abstract passion for justice, stimulated into feverish restlessness by the presence of a continually goading enthusiasm, rendered him fanatical in his angry mood; and the weaknesses of heart by which Vasco Nunez had resolved upon an act which would sacrifice the Indian girl who had confided in him so entirely, provoked the indignation of the youth anew. He saw nothing now but the infidelity and baseness of the man whom he was sworn to slay for a crime which personally wronged him. He now brooded with constant thought upon his resolution; the difficulties in the way of performing which he never disguised from himself.

"I know that I must perish," he would mutter to himself; "his arm would crush me at a blow; and even my stroke, however well aimed, his unarmed hand could parry if he beheld it. Thus should I lose life, yet fail in my purposed vengeance. I must do it while he sleeps. If the blow be just—if the vengeance be due to the crime—then is the mode most fitting which is most certain and most secure. There is no dishonour, as fools fancy, in such a deed. Yet, would it were that I could encounter with him as the strong man loves to encounter with his fellow. But the wish is idle—it may not be. This powerless arm!—what could it hope against the muscle and sinew of Vasco Nunez!"

He surveyed the small and shrivelled member with a bitter smile, and his skinny and childlike fingers relaxed the hold which they had hitherto kept upon the dagger as he uttered these words. The weapon fell upon the ground at his feet. He stooped, and without lifting, sat down beside it, and leaning forward with his elbow upon the long grass, he looked forth upon the broad ocean purpled by the setting sun, and dotted in the far distance by the white sails of one of the brigantines in which Vasco Nunez was then coasting. They were then upon the lovely shores of Isla Rica, in which the adelantado had fixed his temporary abode. The waters of the ocean were as serene as those of some mountain lake, locked in by a circlet of protecting hills. The tide, rising, threw its successive billows upon the bleached sands of the island with a gentle violence that murmured only and did not complain. A deep blue sky, almost as transparent as the waves which reflected its aspect, relieved, not impaired, by a few floating islands of white fleece, hung above him; soft, bright, and beautiful enough to declare the heavens behind, which it yet curtained from his gaze. The scene impressed itself upon the spectator, but did not alter his mood.

"Even now," said he, gazing upon the distant brigantine as if he could behold upon her deck the person of whom he spake—"even now he is looking forth upon these waters, without a thought that they will change. He beholds them soft, almost smiling—scarcely less beautiful than the folding skies above—to him more beautiful, as they promise to carry him forward to conquests greater than any he has yet achieved. His fortune, too, has at length put on an aspect of peace and promise. His bitterest enemy has become his best friend—the woman who had scorned, smiles upon him. On all hands the hostile fates seem to have given up their warfare, and to have folded their adverse wings in token of amity. Grown confident of fortune he has now no fears, and he would as soon—nay, sooner—look for the hurricane in yonder thin speck of fleece, as look for an enemy in me. He would laugh—ha! ha!—he would laugh, were he to be warned against my dagger. He would stretch forth his arm, and smile as he surveyed it, and dismiss all fear of mine. Let him not be too sure of his strength and of my weakness. They must both soon be tried. This night!"—he resumed the dagger as he spoke—"this night will I seek him where he sleeps. He hath no guard, and the Indian girl only sleeps beside him. It were easy to pass among the leaves which shroud them, yet awaken neither sleeper. One blow, and thou art avenged, my brother. Thou shalt chide me no longer with this profitless service in behalf of thy murderer. Thou shalt haunt me no longer with thy frowns."

It was night ere the brigantine drew near to land. That day Vasco Nunez had made many discoveries, which filled his heart with joy; but it needed not new discoveries to produce this sensation in his bosom, now that he found himself in possession of the desired power, and in the path of his desired conquests.

"Lo! you," he said to Micer Codro, as in the mild breath of that lovely

evening they sat together by the sea-shore, and looked upward and around, beholding in sky and ocean no aspects but those of beauty and repose—"Lo, you, Micer Codro, if I err not, that evil star of which thou hast spoken to me so oft, still hangs red and ominous within the rim of my good planet. Is it not so?"

"It is even so, my son," replied the other with gravity; "the aspect is even more evil now than on the night when I guided thine eye to it at first."

"Behold then," continued the adelantado with playful humour, "the wisdom of those who would suffer such predictions as thine to baffle them in their labours, and prevent them in the performance of their most noble works. Had I put faith in thy predictions, Micer Codro, I had gone to my prayers rather than to my works, and, perchance, had suffered the defeats and death which lay within thy prophecy. Even now, what error can be more plainly shown than this of thine. Looking on that star, which seems innocent enough to mine eyes, as surely it hath so far shown itself harmless to my fortunes, thou would even now declare that I am in imminent peril of my life;—yet here I am—within the reach of all my wishes, sound in health, the favoured of Pedrarias, with four brigantines and three hundred brave men at my bidding. Nay, more—the hopes of my heart, which had been so long baffled and denied, now made secure in the acceptance and the avowed love of Teresa Davila."

"It is in the calm that the storm has its birth, my son," replied the astrologer with increasing gravity—"death follows life like a shadow, and he only can fall far who is uplifted high. I rejoice me that thou hast so far triumphed over the fate which has lain in waiting for thee. It is my prayer that it may yet be baffled, and that thou mayst pass from triumph to triumph, and from joy to joy, with a heart and hope growing younger at every step which thou takest. But when thou thinkest the fate baffled which has pursued thee, it may be delayed only. All day the tiger, that ever-hungry beast, pursueth with hot haste the affrighted traveller, till, as he reacheth him, he croucheth low, and for the first time stays him in the pursuit—not that he relenteth—not that his limbs have grown weary, or his tooth no longer gnasheth for the feast of bloody flesh. No! he pauseth but to crouch, and he croucheth but to spring. Even such is the pursuit of the hounds of fate when once they are set upon the footsteps of the victim she hath chosen. Be not too bold, then, to think—for that thou no longer hearkenest to their hungry bark—that she hath relented of her hate, that she hath called them in to the leash, and hath altered her resolution. If thou hopest thus, yet be not so confident in thy hope, as to forget thy caution, thy moderation, thy humility. He who would be great enduringly must never forget that he is human. To secure immortality, it is a condition that we should also feel our state to be some time mortal. Oh, Vasco Nunez, my son, think not that I speak to discourage thee. Though I warn thee, I would not thou shouldst ever despond. If I speak to thee of gloomy things, it is because I look on gloomy sights. Thou hast grown doubtful of the language of those blessed signs of heaven, which I reverence, and wouldst hear me with a scornful smile, and give little heed, were I to tell thee now that thy hour approacheth—that—ha!"

The adelantado would have spoken—he would have said in the language of deprecation, that he did not scorn the science which the old man loved;—but the other suffered but a few words to escape ere he interrupted him with a vehemence, the result of a sudden impulse, of which he did not himself seem to be conscious—

"Ha! what is it that I see?—the clouds rise, they part—a curtain is drawn aside—I hear cries and clamours. Holy Mother, Blessed Jesu! what may this mean?—what terror grows before me—what danger waits? I see it now, as before, when I stood among the iron mountains. The bloody signs are again before my sight. Oh, Vasco Nunez, my son, my son!—thou art again threatened with the smile and the dagger. The air swings in air above thee—thy knees bend—thy neck is bare to the stroke. Spare him—Father of Mercies!—be nigh to save him. It is not too late. Let the arm he stayed—let the cruel judge relent—bid the headsmen go down from the altar-place of death. Jesu! the cloud rolls back—the curtain falls—I am blind—I can see no more. Dost thou yet live, Vasco Nunez—do I see thee, do I feel thee yet, my son? Ha! It may be that the danger has gone by. Thou hast yet be spared."

"Nay, Micer Codro, thou dreamest—I am yet beside thee."

"Ha! ha! but indeed I saw thee not. That dreadful sight—that sudden danger—my soul was tossed in terror—my mind was gone. But I see it no more. It was a bloody vision."

Vasco Nunez arose from his recumbent position upon the grass, as his ear caught the sudden and wild accents of the excited astrologer. The transition from the grave and temperate speech with which the old man had begun, to the impetuous torrent of full and frenzied rhapsody with which he concluded, absolutely stunned him for the instant. He drew nigh, and would have interrupted him in the midst of it, fearing a sudden paroxysm of madness; for never before, in all his experience, had he beheld him in such a mood; but the other heeded him not, and did not seem even to see him. His looks were elsewhere,—his soul seemed set on far other objects. He sank upon his knees—his eyes were wild, staring and starting, as if the bloody vision which he described was indeed at that instant passing before them. His hands were convulsively shot out from his body, as if in arrest of the threatening blow,—his voice—raised hoarsely, almost shriekingly, as if dreading to be unheard—excluded all other sounds but its own. Big drops rose upon his forehead, and stood out clear to the sight of his companion in the rich evening starlight. His limbs shivered while he spoke, as some aged and decaying tree of the forest in the quick, keen blast of December; and, at the end, when the scene which his imagination beheld, seemed shut in from his sight, in the far western eminence of heaven, he sank and fell forward upon his face, seemingly without life as he was without motion. Vasco Nunez lifted him from the ground, and seated him beside him upon the turf. His eyes were open, but the expression was wild and vacant; the mouth was wide, almost spasmodically parted; and the stiffness of all his limbs was such as to induce an apprehension in the mind of his companion that they had already become fixed in the unrelaxing grasp of death. But at that instant, with-



out speaking the old man lifted his hand and pointed suddenly to the quarter of the heavens in which he had watched the star of his friend's nativity. The eye of Vasco Nunez instinctively followed the direction. At that moment, a cloud, which he had no where seen before in the heavens, passed over the rival stars—the good and the evil aspect alike—and completely shrouded them from his gaze. The hand of the astrologer dropped almost lifelessly beside him; and the strong man and fearless warrior, however greatly his experience had moved him to question the certainty of the astrologer's prediction, was yet moved with a feeling of reverential awe, which he vainly strove to dispel. He would have spoken the language of mirth, or indifference, at least, but his voice failed him—a husky whisper escaped his lips, and no more. The tongue clove to the roof of the mouth, and a silence, like that among the stars, hung over the two for the space of many minutes.

The old man resumed the conversation.

"I cannot mistake these signs, Vasco Nunez. I tell thee danger awaits thee. The fate which has so long hunted thee still hangs upon thy heels;—it is for thee still, by diligent watch and calm wisdom, under God's smile and sanction, to elude it, as thou hast done heretofore. Thou hast still to watch and pray, my son: watch for the foe, and pray for the deliverance. But my soul is heavy in thy behalf, Vasco. Full fifteen years have we sped together, and I have loved thee as my own son. Thou knowest how I have loved thee—with a feeling no less strange to age than to youth. Thou hast seemed to me from the first, one commissioned to do wonders, and I have yearned for thy greatness as if it had been a greatness of my own. Would I had been called at the blessed hour when we stood together on the peak of Darien, and beheld for the first time the silver waters of the strange sea below. I had been spared a constant apprehension, which leaves me now, as thou seest, faint, feeble and cast down, as with a nameless affliction. Give me thy arm, my son. I need thy help even to the shelter of yon tree, where I watch, rather than sheep, the starry evening away."

"Shall I give thee help, senor?" demanded a voice at the side of the adelantado, while he assisted the aged man from the earth.

"Ha! thou there, Pedro?"

The astrologer looked on the youth with a keen, piercing glance of his light gray eye, and then remarked—

"Surely I have seen that face but now—it has passed strangely before me to-night."

"True, my father," replied Vasco Nunez, "it is Pedro—thou shouldst know—the secretary."

"Ay, ay! that I know, my son," continued the old man sharply, "but methinks I have seen him elsewhere to-night—I have not beheld him on the island."

A fear touched the mind of Vasco Nunez that the thoughts of the old man wandered, and saying nothing to provoke farther excitement, he assisted him to the shady palm, under which his sylvan couch had been prepared.

"Hast thou heard this old man's prophecy to-night, Pedro?" demanded Vasco Nunez, when they had left Micer Codro to his repose.

"No, my lord," answered the other hesitatingly—and falsely. "I drew nigh at the moment when he claimed the help of thy arm. What is the prophecy, senor?"

"Nay, Pedro, if thou hast not heard, it will be of little profit to thee now to hear. Away to Francisco Companon, Pedro, and bid him get the brigantines in readiness by dawn. The breeze will favour us at morning, and the longest life were too short to see all the wonders of this vast ocean. I would make the most of mine. Away."

"Ay!" exclaimed the youth, as he proceeded on his way to the brigantines where Companon commanded—"Thine will be shorter than thou thinkest. Yet, is it not strange that this old man, Micer Codro, should hit so rightly upon the danger of Vasco Nunez? True, as he would say, never seemed fortune more favourable to man than his at this hour to him. Should there be, indeed, a language in the stars which one might read! Yet why should it be thus imperfectly written? Why should Micer Codro, if he beheld it, go no farther? He spoke of a scaffold and public execution, yet of this there is truly no danger. There was something of a smile and dagger—the dagger is surely in my hand, but Blessed Mary! I have not smiled this season, nor do I think I shall ever smile again. But here are the brigantines."

Meanwhile Vasco Nunez proceeded to the pleasant grove which had been assigned to Careta, and where, with a fond but usual impatience, she sleeplessly awaited him. A rude tent formed the sleeping apartment, in the front of which, the free use of hatchet and axe had robbed the primitive wood of another chamber, scarcely less compact and close. A narrow entrance through the dense shrubbery was concealed by a heavy dark Spanish cloak suspended from the branches, and no eyes but those of the unsuspecting stars were able to penetrate the thick enclosure.

"Ah, my lord, thou art slow to seek the poor damsel of Darien. When the great cannon of the big canoe made thunder to tell of thy coming from the sea, I looked for thee, and thou camest not."

"But I am come now, Careta."

"Ah, yes, my lord, and I should be happy, and should now forget that thou wert ever gone, but that I fear, thou lovest not the poor Careta as once thou didst. Thou art ever in the big canoe, in which I fear to go, and it thou comest to me at last, it is to leave me soon again."

The reproaches of the girl were not wanting in truth, and they went to the heart of the hero, who, whatever might have been the great warmth of his feelings towards Teresa Davila, was too gentle in most respects, and too conscious of the right, even if he did not pursue it, not to recognise the justice of her complaints.

The conscience that smote him for his treatment of her, made him sometimes anxious to avoid her; and to a proud man the very feeling which sometimes compelled his eye to sink when it met the sudden glance of hers, was a source of mortification too humiliating to be felt complacently, or incurred without regret and disquiet. He now sought her chiefly at night, when all his emotions were concealed from all eyes. It

was a pang still which he could not quiet, when he found that there were eyes in his own soul from which he could conceal nothing.

"But now that I am come to thee, Careta, thou shouldst forget all things but that I am present."

"Oh, I do, my lord; even when I tell thee of thy delay, I tell thee with a smile upon my lips and a joy within my heart. But now thou wilt not need to delay so long. Thy ships are built—thou wilt stay here at Isla Rica, or thou wilt go to Coyba—thou wilt go no more to Darien, where thy enemies dwell."

"Nay, I have now no enemies, Careta—thou need'st suffer these fears no longer. All now are friends to Vasco Nunez, here and in Darien."

At that moment the youth, Pedro, lifted the cloak at the entrance, and slowly crawled within, sheltering himself among the leaves and branches of the outer apartment. He heard the words and clutched the dagger firmly, while he was conscious of a derisive smile that passed over his features.

"By the Holy Cross, this Micer Codro hath speech of the devil. Said he not the smile and the dagger? Of a truth they are here together." And his resolution of revenge derived strength in his mind from his remembrance of the astrologer's prediction.

## ROT YOUR ITALIANOS!

BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE.

"Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" At the risk of being excommunicated from civilized society for the next twenty years, I honor the memory of the country mayoress, who gave vent to her outraged nationality in that most passionate and unsophisticated ejaculation. The spirit which gave birth to it was British to the backbone—a despiser of fashions, and a hater of Frenchmen. I can picture her to my mind's eye, seated by the side of her magisterial spouse on the front bench in the Town-Hall, glorious in crimson velvet and orange trimmings, majestic in feathers and furbelows, pre-eminent in paste, and magnificent in mosaic gold—listening, with open mouth and kindling eye, to the "up trilled strain" of some one of those great metropolitan stars, which every now and then condescend to shoot like meteors through our rural hemisphere, to turn the heads and empty the pockets of the wondering lieges by their "most sweet voices." I can fancy her speechless astonishment at the first of the unknown tongue upon her unprepared ear—her glance of dignified exaltation at the unheeding man of semiquavers—and, finally, her indignation at the audacity which offers such an insult to her understanding, bursting forth, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, in that most energetic of anathemas—"Rot your Italianos!"

How far my taste and that of the worthy lady in question might coincide in the selection of our "simple ballats," I cannot of course presume to decide; but, however we might happen to differ in the application, in principle we are one:—Rot your Italianos!—give me something I can understand.

I shall never forget the first time I ever went to the Italian Opera. Indeed, her Majesty's Theatre (alas that the theatre, *par excellence* her Majesty's, should be the only theatre in London where her Majesty's mother-tongue is never spoken!) was the first playhouse in which I ever set my foot, and my anticipations were magnificent—though to attempt to describe them, after Charles Lamb's delightful account of a similar epoch in his existence, would be worse than idle. Tap, tap, tap, went the conductor's baton, and crash went the whole orchestra at once;—but what was the overture to one whose eyes were riveted upon the curtain, and whose whole soul was wrapt in expectation of the wonders it concealed? I have listened with delight since then to many a noble overture; but at that moment, had it been an angel's lyre, as far as I was concerned, its strings would have been swept unheeded. To me the play, and the play only, was the attraction—of course I need not say that of the nature of an opera I had but a very imperfect conception. I knew that there would be a good deal of singing, but I had no notion there was to be nothing else; and I knew also that I should not understand the language to be spoken: but I thought that, if the performance were but true to nature, I might be able, at any rate, to make a tolerably good guess at what was going on, and I pleased myself not a little by the anticipation of my own success in this conjectural species of interpretation. Well, the overture, endless though it seemed, nevertheless gave the lie to appearances, and ended at last. Up went the curtain—and behold! a gentleman with an unexceptionable moustache, and a spick-and-span new suit of "complete steel," amusing himself with parading backwards and forwards before a castle gate only covered with ivy, and chanting at the top of his voice, in what Hamlet calls "very choice Italian." Now I, knowing nothing in the world of "that soft bastard Latin," and not being beforehand acquainted with the details of the story to be enacted, very naturally concluded, from the armor and uplifted voice, that the worthy gentleman—for he was too smart for a warder—was somebody or other of moderate personal courage, who was supposed to be going about his business in a neighborhood of indifferent reputation, and singing as he went, either to let any lurking clerk of St. Nicholas understand that he was by no means timorous, or, for the old classical reason, because he happened to have no superfluity of broad pieces in his breeches pocket, and consequently nothing to apprehend. As I afterwards learned, I never was more mistaken in my life—but that is anticipating. Well, after a proper quantity of walking, and ditto of singing, enter on the opposite side another gentleman, (whom, for the sake of perspicuity, I will call No. 2,) with a drawn sword and an inflamed countenance. Suddenly perceiving Gentleman No. 1, he stops, and thunders forth three lines of double bass, to which the individual so addressed responds in twice as many of counter-tenor, drawing his weapon also at the close of the sixth; whereupon Gentleman No. 2 turns his back unceremoniously upon Gentleman No. 1, and fortifies his spirits with a considerable quantity of gesticulation, and a trifle more of the double-bass. As it was now pretty evident that he was working himself up into a very murderous disposition towards Gentleman No. 1, I was delighted to observe the Christian forbearance of the latter individual, in not taking an advantage of so

favorable an opportunity for smiting Gentleman No. 2 under the fifth rib at once; but I suppose that he, like a swan, had a sort of presentiment of his approaching latter end, and was determined to have another song before he took his departure: for when Gentleman No. 2 had ceased, and was most heroically "winking and holding out his iron" before his eyes, he very composedly treated us to another five minutes, in a somewhat more warlike key; and then at it they went like a couple of game-cocks, till the predestined Gentleman No. 1 received a lunge in tierce, which I thought must have most effectually and immediately given him his quietus. But no;—rearing himself on his elbow, and fixing on Gentleman No. 2 a glance of the most withering scorn and intense detestation, he spake once again, and to my extreme astonishment, like Southey's Enchantress, "still his speech was song,"—clear, loud, sustained, "as though he felt no wound," until suddenly the uplifted voice and body fell together, and the unfortunate Gentleman No. 1 breathed his last in B flat.

I would go on to tell how there came on a "fayre ladye," weeping and wailing, and tearing her "lang, lang yellow hair," and how she knelt by the side of the defunct Gentleman No. 1, and how she endeavored to recal what the newspapers denominate "the vital spark," by a bravura of a quarter of an hour's duration; and how an elderly gentleman, with a cracked voice and cranium to match, which latter was his only excuse for not knowing better, made dishonorable proposals to the said fair one, in a very long-winded solo for a Sexagenarian; and how, after much sorrow and trouble, the lady, towards the middle of the third act, after singing a passionate song over a small phial of poison, swallowed the contents at a gulp; and how the audience were treated to a specimen of an Italian coronach by fifteen young maidens, all with tresses carefully dishevelled, and as many serving-men in disordered liveries, headed by a Coryphæus in the person of the aforementioned old gentleman, by this time driven by remorse into a state of "very midsummer madness." But I should seem as one that mocketh to many a worthy and simple-minded country cousin, and I forbear. I have never been to the Italian Opera from that day to this. I look upon it as the greatest outrage to common sense that ever was perpetrated. I regard a ballet with a far more lenient, and even favorable eye. The ballet is a great philosophical experiment to ascertain the maximum degree of indecency which the eye of the most moral public is able to endure without flinching; but which, alas! seems destined, like too many meritorious undertakings, never to accomplish its object. My friend the mayoress would doubtless have preferred an old-fashioned "threesome reel" to all the elegant improprieties of the "poetry of dancing."

Honestly and seriously, it gives me more pleasure to hear even a suret organ play a simple old English air, than it would to occupy the very choicest stall in the whole Italian Opera House; and yet (though I fear I shall provoke nearly as many sneers as I shall have readers) I claim to be counted among the lovers of music. The dramatic part of the business to me is so irresistibly ludicrous, that the beauty of the music (and far be it from me to deny that of Italy its due share) is lost and gone in the utter absurdity of the *tout ensemble*. I cannot yield myself to any illusion at a spectacle so unnatural. I can no more sympathize with a hero who lives, loves, eats, drinks, fights, and dies singing, than I can sympathize, like the *Morning Herald*, (admirable, an editor though he be,) with a condemned murderer. I know many a sweet air, from many an opera, which I can drink in, again and again, with ever fresh delight; but it must not be within the walls of a theatre; there must be no tinsel and trappings—no foot-lights and finery—the air, the whole air, and nothing but the air—no, "chromatic tortures" of "quaint recitatives;"—and then I will sit and cry—"Play on—let me have more of it!" till the fair fingers of the minstrel grow weary of their task, and the silvery voice pleads their excuse so sweetly, that the melody of art is forgotten in that of nature.

A theatre is not, to my thinking, the proper place for vocal music; or, perhaps, it may be nearer the truth to say that vocal music is, for the most part, so awkwardly introduced in our drama, that I am apt unthinkingly to find fault with the practice, instead of confining my censure to its abuse. Nine-tenths of the songs which we hear upon the stage are so lugged in by the head and shoulders, that we cannot be surprised if they suffer from the operation. People in plays sing, for the most part, exactly when nobody in his senses would dream of their being musical. Companies of banditti rove about, shouting out a chorus which cannot by any possibility fail to betray their whereabouts; young gentlemen, head over ears in love, chant beneath their mistresses' windows with a strength of lungs which must infallibly awaken the most snoring and somnolent of papas; and wicked little soubrettes display their vocal powers in the drawing-room, at the immense risk of being turned out of the house, at a minute's warning, by their justly infuriated "missus."

No modern play-wright seems to have the slightest notion that there is a time proper for singing, and a time proper for holding one's tongue. Shakspeare introduced songs, and why shouldn't they? True; but Shakspeare never went a single inch out of his way to accommodate a song. His men and women sing exactly as men and women ought to do—at the proper time, and in the proper manner; two requisites which we, who sing away, "ab ovo usque ad mala," have most unaccountably lost sight of. I quote the following words from the very last number of *Maga*, without curtailment, partly for the excellence of the criticism, and partly because they supplied the hint for these, my present rude lucubrations:—"Joanna Bailie," says the critic, for he is speaking of no less a name, "takes care to make no people sing in situations in which it is not natural for them to do so; the songs are all sung by those who have little or nothing to act, and introduced when nothing very interesting is going on; and they are supposed not to be spontaneous expressions of sentiment in the singer, but, as songs in ordinary life usually are compositions of other people, which have been often sung before, and which are only generally applicable to the present occasion. In these few words, which are nearly all her own, this great poetess has laid down the principles on which alone can any musical drama be constructed agreeably to nature."

So much for theatrical song-singing: though, by the way, I have yet another crow to pick with it before I leave it, inasmuch as the better the song is sung, the more it tends, by producing an *encore*, to dispel still further the fading illusion of the satge. The grand object of the drama is, of course, to "hold the mirror up to nature," that it may admire (which it

might do without vanity) its own beauties, and see and amend its own follies and deformities. Foremost among its secondary aims, I take to be the endeavour to impress the spectator with a belief, as far as such a thing is possible, that the scenes which pass before his eyes are not fictions but realities—to make him give himself up to the illusion of the moment, annihilating both time and space from the instant the curtain rises—transporting himself through centuries, and across oceans—undergoing a living metempsychosis—now a "royal Dane," and now an "antique Roman,"—and subsiding into his pristine John Bullism only when some second rate son of the buskin glides delicately from behind the curtain, to announce the entertainments of the morrow. I do not know whether or no my principle be correct; but, be that as it may, it is that upon which I like to act myself, if the gods would only allow me. But no, the powers of the one-shilling gallery are a straight forward, matter-of-fact race of deities, that have no notion of being deluded in any way whatever; tailor out-squeaks tailor, barber out-bravos barber, baker outclaps baker, butcher outwhistles butcher; the play stands still, the actors return to their old attitudes, the song is sung again; and Miss Snellicci, act as she will, is, for the rest of the evening, Miss Snellicci, and Miss Snellicci only. I never yet saw Richard dream or die a second time; but, should it ever be the pleasure of the British public to demand such an effort (and there are many things, as far as I see, more improbable,) I could regard the exhibition with exactly the same degree of complacency. But I am running away from my friend the mayoress.

I suppose a lady of fashion now a-days would as soon think of admitting that she did not adore Italian music, as she would of confessing her age. For my part, I look upon our Italianizing dames pretty much as sturdy old Juvenal looked upon the Græcizing patricians—"non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam urbem." There is no end to our unnatural adoptions—"Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes"—Italians, and French, and Germans—the Swiss family This, and the Dutch family That, and the Russian family T'other—Chanteurs, Montagnards, Siffleurs, and Chinchoppers—Alpine minstrels, and Bohemian minstrels, and minstrels from the Lord knows where; verily, the plague of foreigners is upon us, and of all live plagues defend me from this! Were the evil confined to the boards of the Opera-House, or the purlieus of Leicester Square, I should not mind it so much, though it would still be bad enough. But this is, alas! far from being the case. Read a programme of a fashionable morning concert—the probability is, that you will not find one English song in the list. Walk into a fashionable drawing-room, and ask Miss Mary or Miss Caroline to favour you with a little music—fifty to one she strikes up some Italian rigmorale, of which you understand not a syllable, but which you are bound to pronounce the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life, as you would escape being set down for a greater Goth than even Alaric himself. An English audience, "gaping for wonderment" at a modern morning concert, puts me strongly in mind of a congregation of Roman Catholics at their devotions. They are alike most admiring and devout listeners to a service, of the meaning of which nine-tenths of them have no more comprehension than a cow has of mathematics. But the evil does not stop at morning concerts and crowded soirées; like the frogs of Egypt, it invades our very chambers, and takes its station unreisted by our parlour firesides—those very citadels of John Bullism—our very children of ten years old practise bravuras, and prattle of Donizetti.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scottish melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I could listen to "Auld Robin Gray," and "Ye banks and braes," and "My love is like the red red rose," and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption "grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles—which are with us in the woods and by the streams, leaping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical & working day world. The concert-room with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings; we are no more touched by "Vivi tu," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "All round my hat," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot enjoy music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavors to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the Shebir's fire, be wholly extinguished. To revel in the full luxury of music, I must have no hired minstrel, no crowded benches, no glare of lamps, no "bustle, squeeze, row, gabberly, and jaw;"—I must have a still calm eve, in some quiet bower far removed from the "hum of human cities," with "one fair spirit for my minister," who needs not to ask or to be told what string to strike—one who loves, as I love, the "auld world songs" and simple melodies of a more simple generation—one whose purer taste rejects the

—Shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,  
That mar, not grace, an honest English song,"  
but clings still to the "merit, not the less precious that we seldom hear it,"



the pathetic simplicity which nature prompts—whose heart is in the strain she wakens, forgetful for the time of external things, and breathing only in its own created atmosphere of harmony. This is to me a banquet at which there is no chance "that appetite should sicken, and so die." To such a feast I would even be selfish enough to wish no fellow guests. I would have no voice to break the spell—to startle the spirit from its trance of enchantment—to mar with the sounds of earth the tones which bless us with dreams of heaven.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:—

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much  
More than light airs, and recollected terms,  
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—  
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do want to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor; but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people—in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "Lines composed in a Concert-Room" are a host in my favor. Truly, indeed, does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoted minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low  
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and tries," wants the feeling—marked as its effect is by the jangling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

—"The home  
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,  
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam  
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;  
The calentures of music, which o'ercome  
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands  
No more to be beheld but in such visions!"

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

To "chromatic ears" it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience: but, though he has forsaken the national muse to attach himself with all the fervor of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more "ordinary" organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains "which pleased of yore the public ear" shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayoress be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled "simple ballad."

## CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.

BY WILLIAM THACKERAY.

Author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence," &c. &c.

The statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world: I should like to see an accurate table shewing the rogues and dupes of each nation; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expansive theme. What thieves are there at Paris! oh, heavens! and what a power of rogues with pigtailed and mandarin buttons at Pekin! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg: how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position to go through the whole Gazetteer; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee; fair running streams for glittering fish;

store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions; for active cats, mice, for mice, cheese; and so on; establishing throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau); I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so has she created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and, in truth, I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once;" so let us pretermitt all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially, there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found: proofs of our enterprise, and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toplitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo: I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all; better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins: your tallow-faced German baron with white moustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzka at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic majesty's service:—he has been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre*, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest Meerschaum pipes you ever saw; reading, possibly, "The Morning Post," or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library); or having his hair dressed; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns; or drinking soda water with a glass of sherry; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour; at four, he is to be seen in the window of his club; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances: some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition; some, very young lads, with pale, dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion); at seven, he has a dinner at Long's, or at the Clarendon; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, besides himself, you may remark a young man—very young,—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies: one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded, light-blue silk gown; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flower; and greasy blonde lace; she wears large gilt ear-rings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you do look to-night: there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours: I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear!"

"I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss Ickman, Freddy, do you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket-handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing very unnecessarily a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been new-furnished à la Louis Quatorze by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said, that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself, in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half-an-hour,

Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural, and even kind of Rook, than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups*, and lost all the great ones; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play: it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea: you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake: if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always*; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process; if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and sixty-three guineas; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income:—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose; he is frightened, that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill-luck: when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!); when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's IO U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid; but this I don't believe: is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The Captain goes home to Brook Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes next morning at twelve to go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "If I had but played my king of hearts," sighs Fred, "and kept back my trump; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I had even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curacao punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;" and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homeopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you," must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homeopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versa*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out: he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always: a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,  
LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a-week. "No men," said he, with a great deal of justice, "was so ill paid, as 'dramatic artists;' they labored for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences! At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and, in consequence, won, but ask the table all round, one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three

others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to every body who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw on a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily; else what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity;"—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopenny half-penny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Etrangers! (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty);—but who wins his money and every body else's money who plays and loses! much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Etrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling houses that the money is lost: it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as Captain Rook;—but we are again and again digressing: the point is, is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first:—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by:—yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds;—every maravedi of this is gone; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent 10,000*l*, then, or an annuity of 650*l*, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labor. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays; as thus—

Horses, carriages, (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot &c.)	£500 0 0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350 0 0
Watering-places, and touring	300 0 0
Dinners to give	150 0 0
Pocket money	150 0 0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150 0 0
Tailor's bills (100 <i>l</i> say, never paid)	0 0 0
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£1,600 0 0</b>

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above-sum: ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses;—no, it is *not* a good profession: it is *not* good interest for one's money:—it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius: and my friend Claptrap, who growls about his pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat; when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coupe* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchell sings after Aristophanes—

"In glory he was seen, when his years as yet were green;  
But now when his dotage is on him,  
God help him!—for no eye of those who pass him by,  
Throws a look of compassion upon him."

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends: in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do; in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! Is this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks, I take to be this: that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians do not do; they leave all to follow their master, the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the



firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory, can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent man old Sam Rook, so well known on the 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that the son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in the stable, a protemporeaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month!

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar; and I am glad to introduce one of the gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honors at Cambridge in the year 1; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty demure simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now crowing in the rookery: and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife: not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant ménage.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great: and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care.—Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up; more fondled and petted, of course, than they; cleverer than they; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years, as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honor.

Fancy then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollection has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet as she clung round his neck, and, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse, (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing!) Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down to the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes Æschylus, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom; however, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of *x's* and *y's*.

May comes, and the college examinations: the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIOUS ROOK.  
"Trinity, May 10.

"Dear Credo\*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps*; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizer. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

"I send you his college bill, £105 10s.; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive; I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.

Your's,

SOL. SNORTER."

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter, it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:

"P. S.—Dear father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner; and owe £54 more for deserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring

horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive."

The reverend Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter; however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him a £100, with a "God bless you!" and Mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations, but Tom is sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At the second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom is not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave; they have high words, even, the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door, when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's under-graduateship arrives; he is in ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books; and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge-town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

Oh, sin! woe, repentance, Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, "There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts, Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living; Lord Bagwig's promises are all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them, again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Ryemell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things never would allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, écarté, blind hooky, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook: when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christine; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where; he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N. B. All young men with money have silly, flattering she-relatives)—and the silly trips which he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Hon. Tom Mountcoffeehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rook's in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear, he puts himself behind a curvetting camel-leopard of a cab horse; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out! and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskau smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply him with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captain

\* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

Rooks must rob in company; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with number two; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men; in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else; nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially; if you don't somebody else will; a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He must be plucked; it is the purpose for which nature has framed him; if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old Dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate; if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which, if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him, and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him, until he turns out as naked as a cannon ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is as stout cautious bird, of course you must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place; and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathery state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs; on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives); he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him or takes to drinking too; or he gets a little place, a very little place: you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the Pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison!—a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie-cages, ceaselessly walking up and down! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly:—

Pour mon mal estrangeur  
Je ne m'arreste en place;  
Mais, j'en ay beau changer  
Si ma douleur n'efface!

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums, the Rooks end their lives; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession:—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook:—not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench

yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over! Oh, Captain Rook! what nice "chums" do you take with you into prison; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *finis patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed!

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world:—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

## ENGLAND AND HER COURT.

BY A TORY WRITER.

With all the elements of confusion in full chaotic action in the country—with Chartists in open revolt, or waiting the propitious moment for open revolt, in scores of thousands—with distractions and dissensions in the Cabinet, where the cry of *saute qui peut* has been raised—how fares the palace and the court? Is that peace so ruthlessly affrighted from the cottage, reposing its silken wings, adjusting its downy plumage, and nestling more happily in the bosom serene of a brightly fair and maiden sovereignty? Alas, no! the palace is no more exempt from cares and crosses than the humblest of cottages; misery, which disdains not the lowest, mounts also into the highest places; civil and kindred strife may rage as rifely, and inflame as remorselessly, in the splendid abodes of the mightiest and most glorious of royalties, at the same moment that social and civil wars may desolate the meanest of huts. Intrigues and factions may create as much deep-seated wretchedness in the court as New Poor-laws in the country; they may act, as they do act, with spell more malign upon the interests and the happiness of a great empire, than all its concentrated wisdom and patriotism are equal to counteract, although never in the proudest annals of its glory can one epoch be found, when in Parliament and in the nation the union and array of both were so grandly pre-eminent. Never also were they more needed: for in times of revolution it is not fields that have to be won, Talleyrands baffled, or Napoleons overcome. Genius and talent are not required to infuriate the masses and demoralize the people, but the meaner souls and the vulgar attributes of Robespierres and Marats. Whatever and wherever else the bizarre, the frightful heads of the hydra of Revolution, its heart's blood is ever in the court, and from the court circulates to its extremities and vivifies its energies. For good or for evil; for weal or woe; for conservation or disorganization: for commanding respect or inspiring contempt abroad; for ensuring contented obedience to the laws and the powers that be, or assisting their subversion and promoting insubordination—for all these the court is all-powerful—for all these, tremendous is the responsibility lodged there. Causes however trivial, however apparently contemptible, thence originating and therein fermenting, may come to affect the future destinies of half a globe. The graces and grimaces of a flaunting, fly-away bed-chamber woman, sufficed for the overthrow of a Wellington and Peel.—Sully in his memoirs observes, that "the most grand, magnificent and serious affairs of state, derive their origin, and their most violent movements, from the sillinesses, jealousies, envy, and other whims of the court; and are rather regulated by these, than by meditation, or by consideration of honor and good faith." Who shall pretend to say what mishaps may flow from early tastes and habits, imbibed, we may say, from the maternal breast, and sedulously fostered by the prejudices of education! That is, if we are to believe Lord Melbourne, who has not scrupled to declare that Queen Victoria "hates the Tories by education and the Radicals by nature." According to this grave, and, as many may consider, undoubted authority, the Queen was educated for a party and not for her people.—The policy suited doubtless the mercenary views and the ambitious aspirations of Leopold, its author, with whom the interests of the empire were subordinate to the aggrandizement of the Coburgs; for the Whigs, as well he knew, were the most pliant of tools and the most prodigal of paymasters. But that this mighty realm should come to be sacrificed, or made to pander to the pounds, shillings and pence calculations of a huckstering sovereign of its own elevation—that its power, wealth, resources, should be made subservient only to the profit of a cabbage-garden like Coburg—monstrous the conviction, more monstrous still the reality; yet so is the fact!

We dwell not—we loathe to dwell—on the perils, the baleful intrigues, the officials corrupt and depraved, which environ and pervade the Court of a youthful Queen, unsuspicious because guileless, confiding because inexperienced, pure and spotless herself as the freshness of opening spring.—Nor will we enter on the history of the wrongs, and of the untimely fate of that lady of high descent, of royal blood, and of fame spotless as the unsullied nobility of her lineage, who fell the melancholy victim of Court calumny and courtly malignity—of the noble Lady Flora Hastings, and that dreadful business we would only say, *requiescat in pace*; she sleeps in that peace which has fled forever from the pillows of her persecutors.

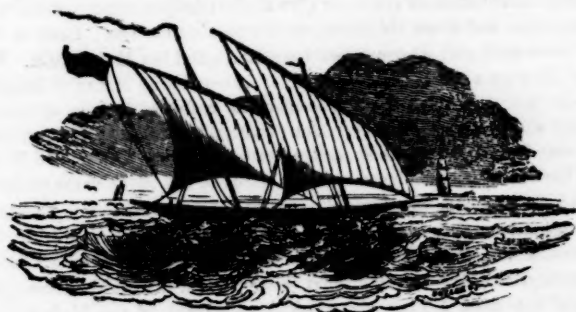
But what confusion—what dissensions—what disorganization every where, and in all departments, from the Court to the Cabinet, and from both to the Country! Well might that enlightened statesman and that eloquent orator, the ornament of his own, and the admiration of other countries—Daniel Webster—say to the assembled *élite* of the Whigs at Holland House.\* "There never was but one England—there never will be but one England—there never can be but one England!" Ye, oh Whigs, have done your best to spoil and ruin this grandest of all the creations of the Almighty!

\*At a great dinner there given him, when all the Ministers were present.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents her companions, her occupations, her amusement, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who



has played with her—by turns the counsellor and the counselled—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and returns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope, who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Woe to such a man!



## THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

### JOTTINGS DOWN,—ON THE ROAD.

NUMBER EIGHT.

When London shall have become the Rome or Athens of a fallen Empire, (qu. Will it ever!) the termini of the Rail-ways will be among its finest ruins. That of the Birmingham and Liverpool track, is almost as magnificent as that flower of sumptuousness, the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples. It is really an impressive scene simply to embark for "Brummagem," and there is that utility in all this showy expenditure for arch, gateway, and pillar, that no one is admitted but the passenger, and you are refreshingly permitted to manage your baggage, etc. without the assistance of a hundred blackguards at a shilling each. Then there are "Ladies' Waiting Rooms," and "Gentlemen's Waiting Rooms," and attached to them every possible convenience, studiously clean and orderly. I wish the President and Directors of the Utica and other American Rail Roads, would step over and take a sumptuary hint.

The cars are divided into stalls, i. e. each passenger is cushioned off by a stuffed partition from his neighbour's shoulder, and sleeps without offence or encroachment. When they are crowded, that is an admirable arrangement, but I have found it very comfortable in long journeys in America, to take advantage of an empty car, and stretch myself to sleep along the vacant seat. Here, full or empty, you can occupy but your upright place. In every car are suspended lamps to give light during the long passages through the subterranean tunnels.

We rolled from under the Brobdignag roof of the Terminus as the church of Mary-le-bone (Cockney for Marie-la-bonne, but so carved on the frieze) struck six. Our speed was increased presently to thirty miles in the hour, and with the exception of the slower rate in passing the tunnels, and the slackening and getting under way at the different stations, this rate was kept up throughout. We arrived at Liverpool (205 miles or upwards) at 3 o'clock, our stoppages having exceeded an hour altogether.

I thought, towards the end, that all this might be very pleasant with a consignment of buttons, or an errand to Gretna Green. But for the pleasure of the thing, I would as lief sit in an arm chair and see bales of striped green silk unfolded for eight hours, as travel the same length of time by the rail-road. (I have described in this simile, exactly the appearance of the fields as you see them in flying past.) The old women and obages gain by it, perhaps, for you cannot tell whether they are not girls and roses. The washerwoman at her tub follows the lady on the lawn so ickly that you confound the two irresistibly—the thatched cottages look e browsing donkeys, and the browsing donkeys like thatched cottages you ask the name of a town, and by the time you get up your finger, u point at a spot three miles off—in short, the salmon well packed in aw on the top of the coach, and called fresh-fish after a journey of 200 les, sees quite as much of the country as his most intellectual fellow-ssenger. I foresee in all this a new distinction in phraseology. "Have u travelled in England?" will soon be a question having no reference to d-roads. The winding turnpike and cross roads, the coaches and post-erriages, will be resumed by all those who consider the sense of sight as eful in travel, and the bagman and letter bags will have almost undis- pted possession of the rail-cars.

Mem. for the reader for information—the charge from London to Liver- pl is £2. 13. 6. with no fees to conductors or baggage-lifters.

The Adelphi is the Astor House of Liverpool, a very large and showy Hotel near the Terminus of the Railway. We were shewn into rather a magnificent parlor on our arrival, and very hungry with rail-roading since six in the morning, we ordered dinner at their earliest convenience. It came after a full hour, and we sat down to four superb silver covers, anticipating a meal corresponding to the stout person and pompous manners of the fattest waiter I have seen in my travels. The grand cover was removed with a flourish and disclosed—divers small bits of second-hand beef-steak, toasted brown and warped at the corners by a second fire, and on the removal of the other three silver pagodas, our eyes were gratified by a dish of peas that had been once used for green soup, three similarly toasted and warped mutton chops, and three potatoes. Read this literal description of an Adelphi dinner, oh Stetson! Quite incredulous of the cook's intentions, I ventured to suggest to the waiter that he had probably mistaken the tray and brought us the dinner of some sportsman's respectable brace of pointers; but on being assured that there were no dogs in the cellar, I sent word to the master of the house that we had rather a preference for a dinner new and hot, and would wait till he could provide it. Half an hour more brought up the landlord's apologies and a fresh and hot beef-steak, followed by a tough-crust apple pie, custard and cheese—and with a bottle of Moselle, which was good, we finished our dinner at one of the most expensive and showy Hotels in England. The manners and fare at the American Hotels being always described as exponents of civilization by English travellers, I shall be excused for giving a counter-picture of one of the most boasted of their own.

Regretting exceedingly that the recent mourning of my two companions must prevent their presence at the gay festivities of Eglinton, I put them on board the steamer, bound on a visit to relatives in Dublin, and returned to the Adelphi to wait *en garcon* for the Glasgow steamer of Monday. My chamber is a large and well furnished room, with windows looking out on the area shut in by the wings of the house, and I must make you still more contented at the Astor, by describing what is going on below at this moment. It is half-past eight, and a Sunday morning. All the bells of the house, it seems to me, are ringing, most of them very impatiently, and in the area before the kitchen windows are six or eight idle waiters, and four or five female scullions, playing, quarrelling, scolding, and screaming; the language of both men and women more profane and indecent than anything I have ever before chanced to hear, and every word audible in every room in this quarter of the Hotel. This has been going on since six this morning, and I seriously declare I do not think I ever heard as much indecent conversation in my life as for three mortal hours must have "murdered sleep" for every lady and gentleman lodged on the rear side of the "crack Hotel" of Liverpool.

Sick of the scene described above, I went out just now to take a turn or two in my slippers in the long entry. Up and down, giving me a most appealing stare whenever we met, dawdled also the fat waiter who served up the cold victuals of yesterday. He evidently had some errand with me, but what, I did not immediately fathom. At last he approached—

"You—a—got your things, sir?"

"What things?"

"The stick and umbrella, I carried to your bed-room, Sir?"

"Yes, thank you!" and I resumed my walk.

The waiter resumed his, and presently approached again.

"You—a—don't intend to use the parlor again, Sir?"

"No! I have explained to the master of the house that I shall breakfast in the coffee-room." And again I walked on.

My friend began again at the next turn.

"You—a—pay for those ladies' dinner yourself, Sir?"

"Yes! I expect to." I walked on once more.

Once more approaches my fat incubus, and with a twirl of the towel in his hand looks as if he would fain be delivered of something.

"Why the d—l am I badgered in this way!" I stormed out at last, losing patience at his stammering hesitation, and making a move to get round the fat obstruction and pursue my walk.

"Will you—a—remember the waiter, if you please, Sir?"

"Oh! I was not aware that I was to pay the waiter at every meal. I generally do it when I leave the house. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to let me finish my walk, and trust me till to-morrow morning!"

The English say they are the only nation who can comprehend the word "comfortable!"

I'll shave and go to church. The organ is tranquillising.

P.S. *Evening in the coffee-room.* They say the best beginning in love is a decided aversion, and badly as I began at Liverpool, I shall always have a tender recollection of it for the admirable and unequalled luxury of its baths. A long and beautiful Grecian building crests the head of George's Pier, built by the Corporation of Liverpool, and devoted exclusively to salt water baths. I walked down in the twilight to enjoy this refreshing luxury, and it being Sunday evening, I was shewn into the ladies' end of the building. The room where I waited till the bath was

prepared, was a lofty and finely proportioned apartment, elegantly furnished, and lined with superbly bound books and pictures, the tables covered with engravings, and the whole thing looked like a central apartment in a nobleman's residence. A boy showed me presently into a small drawing-room, to which was attached a bath closet, the two rooms lined, boudoir fashion, with chintz, a clock over the bath, nice carpet, a stove, in short, every luxury possible to such an establishment. I asked the boy if the Gentlemen's Baths were as elegant as these. "Oh yes," he said, "there are two splendid pictures there of Niagara Falls and Catskill." "Who painted them?" "Mr. Wall." "And whose are they?" "They belong to our father, Sir!" I made up my mind that "our father" was a man of taste and a credit to Liverpool.

The coffee-room is full of people, dining at different tables, and among them three whom I know by infallible marks to be Americans. All the talk is of the Tournament, and the wonder is how even Lord Eglinton's guests are to find beds. The invitation to Ball, Banquet, and Tournament leaves you to find your own pillow and dressing-closet, and according to all accounts every room for ten miles round is taken at £20 the two nights! I shall hazard the adventure, though a hundred dollars for forty-eight hours rent of a dormitory would look badly in a traveller's list of "sundries."

N. P. W.

RICHARD H. BAYARD lately of the United States Senate has been appointed Chief Justice of the State of Delaware in place of J. M. Clayton, resigned, and J. J. Milligan, an Associate Judge of the same Court, vice J. R. Black, deceased.

The little State of Delaware has ever enjoyed an enviable position among her sister "Sovereignties," both in peace and war, always possessing the elements within her narrow Territory necessary to sustain her dignity in the counsels of the Nation, her honour in the field, and the high character of her Judiciary. The recent appointments, above mentioned, afford another illustration of her good fortune, and the resources she always has at her command, when the exigency of the times requires high intellectual endowments combined with the sternest integrity and great legal acquirements.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. HEMANS.—The following statement detailing the failure of a tragedy on the subject of the Sicilian vespers—will exhibit one of the lesser miseries of Mrs. Hemans' public career. This grief was borne with great spirit, with a cheerfulness of resignation worthy of all praise, with a fortitude, in short, which could have dispensed with that most ingenious of all theatrical salvos to condemned dramatic writers, "a determined resolution to reproduce it"—a resolution, we need scarcely add, postponed in cooler moments to the Greek Kalends.

The piece was produced at Covent Garden on the night of December 12, 1823, the principal characters being taken by Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss F. H. Kelly. Two days had to elapse before the news of its reception could reach St. Asaph. Not only Mrs. Hemans's own family, but all her more immediate friends and neighbours were wrought up to a pitch of intense expectation. Various newspapers were ordered expressly for the occasion; and the post-office was besieged at twelve o'clock at night, by some of the more zealous of her friends, eager to be the first heralds of the triumph so undoubtingly anticipated. The boys had worked themselves up into an uncontrollable state of excitement, and were all lying awake 'to hear about mamma's play;' and perhaps her bitterest moment of mortification was when she went up to their bedsides, which she nerved herself to do almost immediately, to announce that all her bright visions were dashed to the ground, and that the performance had ended in all but a failure. The reports in the newspapers were strangely contradictory, and, in some instances, exceedingly illiberal; but all which were written in any thing like an unbiassed tone, concurred entirely with the private accounts, not merely of partial friends, but of perfectly unprejudiced observers, in attributing this most unexpected result to the inefficiency of the actress who personated *Constance*, and who absolutely seemed to be under the influence of some infatuating spell, calling down hisses, and even laughter, on scenes the most pathetic and affecting, and, to crown all, *dying gratuitously* at the close of the piece. The acting of Young and Kemble in the two *Proci*, was universally announced to have been beyond all praise; and their sustained exertions showed a determination to do all possible justice to the author. It was admitted, that at the fall of the curtain applause decidedly predominated: still the marks of disapprobation were too strong to be disregarded by the managers, who immediately decided upon withdrawing the piece, till another actress should have fitted herself to undertake the part of *Constance*, when they fully resolved to reproduce it."

ENGLAND AND OTHER POEMS, by William Marsh,—published per self.—Shade of the immortal Gifford—spirit of the great Jeffrey—deign to assist us while we attempt to fathom the deep mysteries, and unfold to mortal ken the brilliant gems of poetry and of thought that lie utterly concealed in this little volume, beneath a glorious corruscation of language that Johnson never used, and Milton little deemed belonged to his native tongue. Night after night have we thrown down this precious casket of a volume, utterly at a loss how to comprehend its incomprehensible com-

prehensibility, but often at early dawn have we risen to our task, and seized on its beauties, that have all night ravished us in our dreams, and perusing page after page with the appetite of that wingless bird of Africa often bestraddled by natives yet in their minorities, until at length we were in a manner overpowered by the divine efflatus breathing from its pages, and losing all thoughts of business, debts, and duns, serenely sunk again to sleep—perchance to dream! How gloriously infinite is the reach of thought, how, as on seraphs' wings, the mind follows the poet's fancies, till rising into boundless space, he (the reader) dodges comets, shies the shooting stars, and shuns old Sirius, as a burnt dog the fire. Such is the effect ever produced whenever we have attempted the Major poem. We can get through a Minor, by reading fast, without rising higher in imagination,—in the mind's eye Horatio,—than an ordinary steeple of a very middling sized Dutch Church. But what a book it is! Homer, that blind old Grecian fiddle-stick, never read any thing like it, and Virgil would have burned the *Aeneid* and two thirds of his tough yarns on farming, had his brain ever conceived it. It was left to a thirty-miles-an-hour age to produce such a poem, and in fact it will be better relished in the night-line of the Philadelphia Railroad at its topmost speed, with a drove of cows in full view, and the next bridge gone, than in the most quiet corner of the most luxuriously finished apartment of the Halls of the Alhambra.

#### SOME PARTICULARS OF THE BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

Seldom is it that we are inclined to visit the scene of a conflagration, but so strong an interest did we feel for those who would suffer from the destruction of the once beautiful National, that so soon as we learned it was that edifice on fire, we fell into the current of thousands who were hastening to the spot. We found the entire house completely enveloped—the flames flashing upward, fifty feet above the walls, and roaring like a cataract. The safety of the adjoining buildings now occupied the attention of the intrepid firemen, who were making every exertion in their power to rescue them from the raging and devouring element. As yet the beautiful French church was untouched, and its marble walls and zinc dome, it was hoped, would save it, though so much exposed. With a friend, who from boyhood has clambered the giddy mast, we passed up through the house adjoining the church to a flight of steps leading across an alley to the roof of that classic model of a Christian Temple. From this elevation we could see down into the very interior of the Theatre which presented the appearance of a huge cauldron of molten gold, bubbling and swaying from side to side with terrific fury. The summit of the dome of the church was surmounted by a "lantern" that has been the admiration of all lovers of architecture. Fatal to this classic edifice was this crowning beauty. While we were standing on its roof, this wooden lantern, heated almost to ignition, took fire from a spark. At this moment to an unmoved spectator the church presented the most beautiful sight imaginable. Totally uninjured stood this specimen of the simple Ionic architecture, graceful in all its proportions, with an air of purity derived from the whiteness of the marble, well suited to the worship to which it was devoted, when there burst forth a vivid light from the summit of its lantern, that for nearly one hour was the only portion of the building on fire. A true "Fire worshipper" would have unconsciously fallen on his knees in adoration, could he have seen this manifestation of the god he worshipped. We never saw anything more beautiful and impressive.

At length this treacherous ornament conveyed the fire to the dome, and we now found it getting uncomfortable to remain longer at this dizzy height, and the excitement for a moment was somewhat intense, when we recollected that the flight of stairs by which we came must be cut away to prevent the fire being communicated to the adjoining house, occupied by the worthy Pastor of the church. We hurriedly passed this "bridge not of sighs," though it reminded us of that Venetian structure, and met the energetic fireman, with axe in hand, to demolish this connecting link, which purpose he soon effected. Three churches, as many private buildings, together with the Theatre, were now on fire, and the scene from an adjoining house top was grand in the extreme.

It is from no lack of sympathy with the unfortunate sufferers that we have thus alluded to this sad catastrophe. Most sincerely do we participate with the entire community in sorrowing for their loss, and most ready shall we be found to lend every aid in our power to further any plan adopted for the relief of those so suddenly deprived of the means of exercising their profession.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PARK AND THE NATIONAL.—

It can little concern the community generally to know what may be the feuds, heart-burnings, or jealousies, between the rival theatrical establishments; and certainly we feel noways inclined to enter on so unpleasant a topic, but the recent calamity which has occurred to the National, has given rise to a correspondence, published in all the Dailies, which is exciting some interest in Theatrical circles, and is therefore worthy a moment's attention. On Monday evening, and before the fires which had



caused such destruction were extinguished, the Park management addressed a stiff, but straightforward and manly communication to the management of the National, offering the use of the Park for a free benefit, the entire proceeds, without deduction, to be paid over for the use of those who were sufferers by the fire. This was very properly referred by Mr. Wallack, to the individual members composing his company, who respectfully declined accepting the proffered benefit. A highly respectable morning paper states as the causes for this rather extraordinary procedure, "that the ladies and gentlemen of the National company unanimously regarded the letter in which the tender was made, as wanting in courtesy to themselves, and peculiarly and distinctly deficient in that feeling which they thought should have been manifested towards Mr. Wallack on such an occasion."

Here then is the whole gist of the matter,—the letter was not written in such terms, such phraseology was not used, as comported with the company's idea of elegant letter writing. Be that as it may—though we cannot so see it,—we had always supposed the *quo animo* with which a kindness was tendered, was the ruling principle, that always decided the propriety of the acceptance and we are wholly at a loss to conceive what other object the Park management could have had in view, than to afford all the relief in their power to those who were sufferers by the sudden calamity. The experienced management of the Park well knew that they were not proffering a less sum than seven hundred dollars out of their own pockets, and the means whereby three times that sum could have been realized. In these days of selfishness, we shall be slow to believe that an offer of this kind was in the remotest degree intended to offend, or to touch the sensibilities, or to awaken emotions of pride, or to wound in any way the feelings of those to whom it was made.

**THE MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF MR. WALLACK.**—Some three hundred of our most enterprising citizens met at the Astor House on Thursday evening, to evince their sympathy and continued friendship for Mr. Wallack, by devising some plan whereby a new Theatre shall be erected and placed under the management of the popular Lessee of the unfortunate National. The proceedings resulted in the expression of deep sympathy, and in the appointment of a Committee of ten citizens to take the subject into consideration, and to report thereon next week. The character of the gentlemen composing that Committee leaves no doubt that the intentions of Mr. Wallack's friends will be shortly realized, and that he will find himself soon recovering from this severe "shock of fate," and at the head of an establishment suited to his enterprising and liberal management.

**CHRIST REJECTED.**—The family of the late Sir Benjamin West are still owners of this great picture of their illustrious relative, and have recently sent it from London to this city for exhibition. It is now expected, that Mr. Niblo will give it a place in his saloon, and it cannot fail to become a most attractive object to all lovers of art, and to the admirers of the genius of our countryman. It has been pronounced by those competent to judge, to be the *chef d'œuvre* of that distinguished artist, whose treatment of sacred subjects has been the admiration of England and America. On the occasion of its exhibition we will again notice it, and attempt to do it better justice than we now can, having never seen it.

**THE NEW EDITION OF LALLAH ROOKH.**—We have again and again urged upon publishers the plan of getting up splendid editions of popular standard works for their yearly gift books, rather than those trashy Annuals which no one pretends to read, and are only purchased as ornaments to centre tables. Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have now set an example worthy the reputation of that famous publishing house, and have brought out this Poem of Mr. Moore in a style of superior beauty. All the illustrations are very superb, and the typographical execution entirely faultless.

Whoever is desirous of paying a compliment to the intellectual refinement of his female friends, has now an opportunity of doing so by presenting them with a book not only as beautifully illustrated as the most expensive annuals, but possessing the intrinsic merit of containing one of the most fanciful and exquisite poems in our language.

THE CARVILLS have it on sale in this city.

☞ We venture to direct the attention of our readers to the tale in another column, entitled Capt. Rook and Mr. Pigeon, and written by the author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence," which will be found more in that vein of humour peculiar to its author than any thing we have seen from his pen of late. The tale has been illustrated in London by two finished engravings which we had intended to copy for our own pages, but time and circumstances did not permit our doing so.

Letters from Vienna, state the illness of the Prince Metternich has given way to the skill of his physicians. That illustrious personage will

soon be able to resume his official duties; and, if the report be true that the British and French ambassadors have received orders to consult and act in concert with his advice on the oriental affair, his recovery is of great importance at this moment.

## The Theatre.

### THE PARK.

The Opera and the Ballet united have continued to attract full houses during the past week. On Tuesday the Taglionis took their farewell benefit, and were honoured by the presence of a brilliant circle of ladies, and a great concourse of admirers of the "sterner sex." These finished artists will immediately return to Berlin, having, while in this country, achieved a high reputation in their profession, and, we trust, a fair portion of the means of making themselves comfortable and happy at home.

On Wednesday the new Operatic company appeared for the first time in an Opera, the music of which has long been familiar to us all. It was a performance fully testing their individual merits, and we take pleasure in saying that the favourite opera of Cinderella never gave more satisfaction, as a whole, than when sung by the present troupe of accomplished musicians. We never expect to see this opera acted as well as we have been in the habit of seeing it done by the members of the Park company, but certainly they could never have done the music such ample justice as it received on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Martyn fully sustained herself in the estimation of her admirers, and the feeling and artist-like manner in which she rendered many passages, elicited warm and general commendation from the audience. Giubelei made a more decided hit than he hitherto has done, as Pompolino, and this was a great achievement; for so inimitably has Placide ever personated the character, that it required the utmost exertion, and a most perfect rendering of the music to make us forget his masterly performance. But Giubelei showed himself equal to the task, and we seldom have seen a more unanimous exhibition of perfect satisfaction than followed his execution of the music allotted him. Mr. Manvers asked the indulgence of the audience on account of his hoarseness, still his personation of the Prince was very creditable, and Mr. Martyn's Dandini was indeed a novelty, so far as the acting went, but he delighted every one with the music of the part, which, we take it, the author deemed of quite as much importance as caricaturing the part to a degree absolutely disgusting, as has been the practice of almost every one we have seen in the part. Mrs. Richardson and Miss Poole fully deserved the applause they won for their spirited enactment of the Baron's daughters.

Thus has this new company of singers vindicated their claims on the admiration and patronage of this music-loving community, and we congratulate both them and the management on their decided success.

### MR. WALLACK AND HIS COMPANY.

The universal sympathy which has been evidenced by our citizens with the sufferers by the destruction of the National Theatre, is alike creditable to the community at large and to the individuals who compose the company. There seems to be but one feeling on the subject, and the readiness with which all have come forward with offers of assistance betokens a spirit which cannot fail to eventuate in partially relieving at least, the miseries of so sudden a disaster.

We are glad to see it announced that Mr. Wallack has already taken the theatre connected with Niblo's Garden, and that on Tuesday next the company will make their first appearance there,—on which occasion Mr. Kean will enact Richard the Third. This is a truly commendable course, and at once displays a degree of fortitude and perseverance under circumstances calculated to dispirit the most enterprising, and will be promptly responded to by a community never backward to acknowledge the claims of the unfortunate, more especially when backed by a disposition to do all in their power for themselves.

### THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF ADMIRAL BYNG.

In 1755, during a war with France, the English ministry disregarded the remonstrances and warnings of the Governor of Minorca, with respect to a formidable armament preparing at Toulon, being completely deceived by the pretended announcement of the enemy that it was intended to make a descent on England. At last, however, they were aroused, and, as usual with laggards, acted precipitately.

The story of the indecisive, but not disastrous, engagement which enabled the ministry to offer up Byng as a sacrifice to appease popular clamor against their own deficiencies, is well known. He was immediately recalled to England, and placed under strict confinement, and every indignity was shewn to him.

On his arrival at Portsmouth, his younger brother, Colonel E. Byng

hastened down to meet him, and was so struck with the abuse which he everywhere met with, that he fell alarmingly ill at the sight of the Admiral, and died on the following day in convulsions.

In order to convey some idea of the rigorous measures which were determined to be adopted against this unfortunate commander, it may not be improper to mention, that orders had not only been despatched to all the ports where it was probable he might arrive, to put him immediately under a close arrest, but this order, to give it publicity, was inserted in the *Gazette*. "All the little attorneys on the circuit," says Walpole, "contributed to blow up the flame against the Admiral, at the same time directing its light from the original criminals. If the clamours of the people rose, so did the terrors of the administration; and the very first effects of their fear shewed that, if they had neglected Minorca, they were at least prepared to transfer the guilt to others." From Portsmouth, he was sent to Greenwich to await his trial, and on his arrival there, Townshend, the governor, caused the apartment in which he was confined to be strongly secured; he was guarded with extraordinary vigilance; and these circumstances were industriously made known, as if to convey an insinuation, that the greatest precautions were necessary to prevent his escape from justice, and to impress on the minds of the unwary that the admiral himself was afraid to meet the injured countenances of his countrymen. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. Byng was so far from conceiving himself criminal in the least degree, that he persisted in declaring that he had beat the French, and obliged them to put into port, and that he wished for nothing with so much anxiety as the commencement of his trial, considering it as the termination of his sufferings, and of the malice of his enemies, which had been displayed with such uncommon inveteracy against him. Every action of his mind indicated an innate conviction that he went to a certain and most honourable acquittal; when, in the month of December, he was removed back to Portsmouth, with the same parade of guards and attention to his safe custody as had been displayed when he was conveyed to Greenwich.

Byng was sentenced to death under the twelve articles of war; the court martial recommended him to mercy, expressly stating, that they conceived by the strict letter of the law they had no alternative; the sentence was referred to the judges, and they—when did the judges fail to find that law which the minister wished to be so!—found that the sentence was legal. Admirals West and Forbes, who were Lords of the Admiralty, resigned, rather than concur in such an iniquitous murder. Yet the ministers determined that he should die.

From this time Byng prepared himself for death, with great tranquillity and firmness. His sentence was carried into execution on board the *Monarque*, in Portsmouth harbour, on the 14th of March. About noon, having taken leave of the clergymen and two friends who attended him, the admiral walked out of the great cabin to the quarter-deck, where two files of marines were ready to execute the sentence. He advanced with a firm deliberate step, a composed and resolute countenance, and resolved to suffer with his face uncovered, until his friends represented that his looks might probably intimidate the marines from taking a proper aim; when he submitted to have a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and kneeling down on a cushion, dropped another as a signal for the marines to fire. This they did, and fired so decisive a volley, that five balls passed through his body, and he dropped down dead in an instant. The time consumed in bringing this tragedy to a conclusion, that is, from the time of the admiral's walking out of the cabin till his remains were deposited in the coffin, did not exceed three minutes.

#### THE JUDGMENT OF POSTERITY ON THE ACT.

The "judicial murder" of Byng will ever remain a reproach upon the two administrations who demanded his sacrifice. He was persecuted and denounced as a coward and a traitor under the administration of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Anson; and their successors in office, the Duke of Devonshire, and Earl Temple, as lord of the admiralty, gave their sanction to his death. The tribunal before which he was tried acquitted him expressly of cowardice and treachery, and complained of the strictness and severity of the law which claimed the punishment of death on a secondary charge. The court earnestly recommended him to mercy in justice to himself and as a relief to their own consciences; and yet an inexorable government refused to mitigate the penalty.

#### SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM

AT THE DOVER BANQUET, GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS, ON 31ST OF AUGUST.

LORD BROUGHAM rose amidst the most tumultuous cheering, and said: I rise to perform the duty which has been cast upon, and to enjoy the honor which I feel my fellow citizens have bestowed upon me; and although I am well aware that upon such an occasion as that of this day's solemnity no man has a right to entertain any personal feelings on his own behalf, but that all private respect and individual considerations are necessarily absorbed in the celebration of this great day in honor of this great man [immense cheering], yet I feel that, called upon as I have been, and standing here to perform this grateful and honorable duty, it would be affectation—it would be ingratitude—it would be insolent ingratitude, if I were not to express the feelings which glow within my bosom, at being made the humble instrument of expressing those feelings which reign predominant in yours [loud and long continued cheers]. This it is which bears me up against all the difficulties of the position in which your choice has placed me [hear, hear!]. Enough for my own feelings—now for my mighty subject [great cheering]. But the choice you have made of your instrument—of your organ, as it were, upon this occasion—is not unconnected with that subject, for it shows that on this day, on this occasion, all personal, all political feelings [protracted cheering] are quelled—all strife of party is hushed—that we are incapable, whatever be our opinions, of refusing to acknowledge transcendent merit, and of denying that we feel the irresistible impulse of unbounded gratitude [loud cheers];

and I am therefore asked to do this service, as if to show that no difference of opinion upon subjects, however important—no long course of opposition, however contracted upon public principles—no political hostility (for anything other than political)—not even long inveterate habits of public opposition—are able so far to stifle the natural feelings of our heart—so far to obscure our reason as to prevent us from feeling, as we ought, boundless gratitude for boundless merit [enthusiastic and tremendous cheering]. Neither can it pluck from our minds that admiration proportioned to the transcendent genius in peace and in war [renewed cheering] of him who is amongst us to-day—nor can it lighten or alleviate the painful, the deep sense which the untired mind can never get rid of when it is overwhelmed by a debt of gratitude too boundless to be repaid [cheers]. Party—the spirit of party—may do much, but it cannot operate so far as to make us forget those services—it cannot so far bewilder the memory, and pervert the judgment, and quench and stifle the warmth of the natural affections, and eradicate from our bosoms those feelings which do us most honor and are the most unavoidable, and as it were dry up the kindly juices of the heart; and, notwithstanding all its vile and malignant influence on other occasions, it cannot dry up the juices of the heart so as to parch it like very charcoal, and make it almost as black [great cheering]. But what else have I to do? If I had all the eloquence of all the tongues ever attuned to speak, what else can I do? How could a thousand words, or all the names that could be named, speak so powerfully—ay, even if I spoke with the tongue of an angel, as if I were to mention one word—Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington [rapturous cheering]—the hero of an hundred fields, in all of which his banner has waved in triumph, who never, I invoke both hemispheres to witness—bear witness, Europe; bear witness Asia—who never advanced but to cover his arms with glory; the captain who never advanced but to be victorious; the mightier captain who never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance [loud and long-continued cheering] by the yet harder task of unwearied patience, indomitable to lassitude, the inexhaustible resources of transcendent skill, showing the wonders, the marvels of a moral courage never yet subdued [cheers]. Despising all that thwarted him with ill-considered advice—neglecting all hostility, so he knew it to be groundless—laughing to scorn reviling enemies, jealous competitors, lukewarm friends—aye, hardest of all, to neglect, despising even a fickle public [tumultuous cheers]; and casting his eye forward as a man might—else he deserves not to command men—casting his eye forward to a time when that momentary fickleness of the people would pass away—knowing that in the end the people are always just to merit [cheers]. Men are apt to be dazzled by the loud voice of fame, and to confound together the land-marks that separate the departments of human merit; often taken in with the tinsel and the glitter, rather than attending to the die which guarantees the purity of the coin, or the weight, which is the test of its value—oftentimes you hear them praising—with a just praise, no doubt—martial deeds of high emprise, and only devoting their admiration and lavishing their praise upon a conqueror's success in a well-fought field [cheers]; but if Salamanca, and if Talavera, and if Vittoria, and if Vimiera, and if the passage of the Douro, and Assaye in the East, and Toulouse and Waterloo in the West [great cheering]—if these dazzle upon the medallion which attempts, and attempts vainly, to perpetuate his fame, sober-minded and reflecting men will pause ere they hold that these are the greatest achievements of his life; and a reflecting mind will look back, and will point the admiring look to the contemplation of Torres Vedras, and its long and well-sustained lines, and to the retreats and battles, and victories gained, thus under adverse circumstances, such as the splendid achievement at Busaco [cheers]; because all reflection teaches us that that is the true test of genius which shows its resources to be of inexhaustible fertility in difficulties—its movements to be nimble and swift as lightning, altering with varying circumstances; which shows a firmness—an almost super-human firmness—to keep by its own counsel, and look forward to the success which it feels and knows that it has earned [cheers]. This is a moral courage of a higher nature than any that is known or comprehensible to the vulgar brain [cheers]. To whom are we to compare this great warrior—this great statesman [immense cheering]—who has surpassed Marlborough in the field, who has surpassed Sir William Temple in negotiation—who stands in an equal place—a higher there is none—as a statesman, with the illustrious head of his noble house—the greatest statesman of the age which he adorns [great applause]. When I said that I had but to pronounce a single name and my task was done, I may be asked why, having enlarged a little further upon this fruitful and inexhaustible topic, I still persevere and go on? My answer is, there is a pleasing satisfaction to the mind in reflecting upon all these great merits, and because I feel that there is at this moment but one individual of the vast and countless multitude whom I am addressing to whom it is not grateful for me to persist upon these topics [cheers]; and I willingly run the risk, or rather encounter the certainty of giving that individual uneasiness, than avoid going on, when I know my remarks would be grateful to all others [cheers]. I no less desire to linger a little longer—dwelling upon so marvellous a subject. Shall I then go back to former ages, and ask whether any comparison of his victories are to be made with those of Julius Cæsar, who equalled him, and surpassed him only in one particular, and that the worthless accomplishment of practised oratory. But Julius Cæsar led the disciplined armies of Rome through the almost resistless medium of savages, without knowledge, without discipline, without art, ill-commanded and worse equipped—he led the Roman legions almost as a boat cuts the wave, or as an eagle cleaves the air [cheers]. It was only after he had brought them back in triumph, and injured them to war in many contentions, that he for the first time met a disciplined force, and crossed that river, which all the confidence of all the armies of the world would never have tempted our illustrious chief to dream of crossing—I mean the Rubicon, which separates the obedient, the peaceful, and the loyal citizen from the traitor to his country [great cheering]. Shall the comparison be made, or hinted at only in order instantly to be dismissed, with the greatest of all captains of antiquity—I mean the Carthaginian leader, whose great abilities, whose consummate talents, were stunted and stifled by the base undergrowth of all the most abominable vices that could degrade and defeat the holiest of causes? Or shall it be made with the greatest



chief, next to him, of modern warriors? But he (Napoleon) commanded, and did not conflict with the armies of France; he commanded, and did not meet in battle, his disciplined marshals; whilst our chief, after defeating those marshals in succession, ended his glorious career by overthrowing Napoleon himself [tumultuous cheering]. But it is a truth—a more striking truth, and one more useful for all public purposes—to contemplate that there is another and a vaster difference that separate these chiefs of ancient days and other countries, by an impassable gulph, from us. They were conquerors influenced with the thirst of ambition—they spilled rivers of blood to attain their guilty ends—they were tyrants, and nothing could satiate their ambition at home, but the slavery of their fellow creatures, as nothing could content them abroad but the pursuit of conquest and the destruction of their kind. Our chief has never drawn his sword but in a defensive war, which alone, of all warfare, is not a great crime [cheers]. He has never drawn his sword against the liberty of any people [cheers]; but he has constantly unsheathed it, and blessed be God, has triumphantly unsheathed it to secure the liberty of all [cheers]; the servant of his Prince to command his troops, but the soldier and defender of his country; the enemy of her enemies, be they foreign or be they domestic [cheers]; the fast friend of the rights of his fellow-citizens, and the champion of their lawful constitution [loud and long-continued cheering]. The tempest which erewhile resounded all over the world is now, thanks to him, hushed: the shock which made all the thrones in Europe to quake, and the horns of the altar themselves to tremble, has now, thanks to him, expended its force [cheers]. We may, thanks to him, expect to pass the residue of our days without that turmoil of war in which our youth has been spent; but if ever the materials of some fell explosion should once more be collected in any quarter of the world; if the hushed tempest should ever again break loose from its cave;—if the shock which is not felt now should once more make our institutions to quiver, happy this nation to know to what wise counsels to look—happy the sovereign who has at her command the right arm that has carried in triumph the English thunder all over the globe [long continued cheers]—happy the people who may yet again confide, not their liberties, for that is a trust which he would spurn from him with indignation—but who could confide in his matchless valour for their safety against all the perils which Providence may yet have in store for them. You of the Cinque Porte stand at the advanced point of danger, if that danger should ever occur; through your lines the enemy, if he dare to defile our shores, must pass, and over your bodies I know he will walk should he pursue his career towards the heart of the realm. But under whom have you placed the command, and who is he whom we oppose face to face to the peril? [Loud and continued cheers]. As some gallant ship which is destined to convey the thunder of England against any hostile line, has planted on its prow the image of Nelson or of Jervis but only to remind their descendants of their great feats in arms, and to stimulate them in their exertions, whereby such feats may be imitated; so have you, not the lifeless image, but the living warrior—the conqueror of a hundred battles—who here in the outermost point of the island would be prepared in the advanced post to undertake the command, to lead you against all enemies—to encourage his country—to render his Sovereign secure—to make the independence of England perpetual, and to hurl dismay among all ranks of the land troops of our enemies, as the cannon under the image of Nelson or Jervis hurled defiance and destruction against their fleets [cheers]. Then would be seen, which God forbid I should ever live to see, the necessity of, or fell occasion for—then would be seen that which is needless, that which is superfluous—Wellington coming forward a veteran warrior, to add one bright page more to the history of his imperishable renown. [The Noble and Learned Lord sat down amidst the most deafening cheers.]

### OPIMUM AND ITS BANEFUL EFFECTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A CHINESE HOGARTH.

The "Chinese Repository" for April, 1837, published at Canton, gives a curious and interesting account of some paintings by a native artist in China-street (Canton), named Sunqua. They are on rice paper, six in number, forming a series, designed to exhibit the progress of the opium-smoker, from health and prosperity to misery and degradation: in fact, they are a counter-part to Hogarth's famous "Rake's Progress." So far as we can ascertain, the idea was original with the painter; and, regarded as mere works of art, the pictures are by no means unworthy of notice. The figures and attitudes are well conceived and drawn, and the story clearly and strongly carried through.

The account of these pictures by the native artist so aptly illustrates the fearful consequences which result from smoking opium, that I cannot do better than transcribe from the above-mentioned periodical the explanations which accompany the pictures.

The son of a gentleman of fortune, his father dying while he was yet but a youth, comes into possession of the whole family estate. The young man having no inclination for either business or books, gives himself up to smoking opium and profligacy. In a little time his whole patrimony is squandered, and he becomes entirely dependent on the labour of his wife and child for his daily food. Their poverty and misery are extreme.

No. 1. This picture represents the young man at home, richly attired, in perfect health and vigour of youth. An elegant foreign cloak stands on a marble table behind. On his right is a chest of treasure, gold and silver; and on the left, close to his side, is his personal servant, and, at a little distance, a man whom he keeps constantly in his employ, preparing the drug for use from the crude article, purchased and brought to the house.

No. 2. In this he is reclining on a superb sofa with a pipe in his mouth, surrounded by courtezans, two of whom are young, in the character of musicians. His money now goes without any regard to its amount.

No. 3. After no very long period of indulgence, his appetite for the

drug is insatiable, and his countenance sallow and haggard. Emaciated, shoulders high, teeth naked, face black, dozing from morning to night, he becomes utterly inactive. In this state he sits moping, on a very ordinary couch, with his pipe and other apparatus for smoking lying by his side. At this moment, his wives—or a wife and a concubine—come in; the first, finding the chest emptied of its treasure, stands frowning with astonishment, while the second gazes with wonder at what she sees spread upon the couch.

No. 4. His lands and his houses are now all gone; his couch exchanged for some rough boards and a ragged mattress; his shoes are off his feet, and his face half awry, as he sits bending forwards, breathing with great difficulty. His wife and child standing before him, poverty stricken, suffering with hunger; the one in anger, having dashed on the floor all his apparatus for smoking, while the little son, unconscious of any harm, is clapping his hands and laughing at the sport. But he heeds not either the one or the other.

No. 5. His poverty and distress are now extreme, though his appetite grows stronger than ever; he is as a dead man. In this plight he scrapes together a few copper cash, and hurries away to one of the smoking-houses, to buy a little of the scrapings from the pipe of another smoker, to allay his insatiable cravings.

No. 6. Here his character is fixed—a sot. Seated on a bamboo chair, he is continually swallowing the fæces of the drug, so foul, that tea is required to wash them down his throat. His wife and child are seated near him, with skeins of silk stretched on bamboo reels, from which they are winding it off into balls; thus earning a mere pittance for his and their own support, and dragging out from day to day a miserable existence.

These pictures, be it remembered, are entirely the work of a Chinese artist. The explanations also are his, translated from the original Chinese. They give, therefore, the impression of the baneful effects of opium-smoking which facts and observation have made, not upon an individual alone, but upon multitudes of the Chinese; for such pictures are commonly the result, not of a singular notion in the mind of an isolated individual, but of a feeling that widely prevails. They are indications of the general sense of a class, at least, of the community.

One fact, in addition, needs to be mentioned. It appears that the opium may be smoked a second time. Thus, after having satisfied the more luxurious appetite of the wealthy customer, the refuse may serve to feed the same depraved appetite in a low class of victims, and thus tend to double the amount of mischief. This appears from the account of the 5th picture of the series, and also is abundantly confirmed from other sources.

### Plunderings by the Way.

We find the following just tribute in a note to a political article in Blackwood's Magazine:—

It is extraordinary that to two French writers the world is respectively indebted for the most comprehensive, accurate, and philosophical account and examination of the institutions and statistics of the United States. There is not one English work on America worthy to be named in the same page with those of these two distinguished savans—*De Tocqueville* and *Chevalier*.

The *Perpignan Journal* gives the following report of the condition of Paganini, who is now at the baths of Vernet, in the Bourbonnais:—

Having lost all his teeth the celebrated *maestro* eats with the greatest difficulty. At table his meat is minced for him, either by one of his neighbours or his servant. His days are passed entirely either in playing at billiards, or walking with a friend. He is much amused when reading the *Charivari*, but his gaiety soon passes off: and he then sinks into a state of depression, the result, no doubt, of his illness, and seeks for solitude. With his cap on his head, and his cane in hands, he retires to the environs of the baths, and remains plunged in deep meditation, interrupted sometimes by sudden movements, as if he wished to shake off reflection; he then strikes the ground repeatedly with his feet, like a man who, on rising from his seat, is afraid that his legs will give way under the weight of his body. The paralysis with which he is affected, and particularly the organs of speech, makes him talk with great difficulty. When he wishes to speak he pinches his nose and puts his mouth to the ear of his auditor, in order that he may be heard without his making too great an exertion of his feeble voice. Sometimes his voice is extinct, and then he uses signs with his fingers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.—The *Farce* is over; for which "laud we the Gods." Consisting of seven acts it was not only unusually long, but overpoweringly tedious. The symptoms of disapprobation were loud and general; but the political mountebanks had been so inured to the sibilant sounds, that, though the curtain fell once in obedience to the voice of the public, it was soon drawn up again, and on they ventured, heedless of the pelting storm of hisses which reduced their speaking to mere dumb-show. Finding that they could gain neither hearing nor credit, they then commenced a series of somersets and back-falls, which they executed, it must be confessed, with the adroitness arising from long habit. Lord MELBOURNE in particular distinguished himself by his falls, Lord J. RUSSELL by his somersets, and a Mr. RICE, who has, it seems, some *alias* tacked to his name, we forget what, by a newly-invented tumble called a back-spring. All this, it must be owned, was wretched buffoonery; but it ended by reducing the public clamour to a stare of astonishment, till at length the ridicule of the thing overpowered the offence, and indignation gave way to an irrepressible laughter, so that in fact the curtain fell amidst a general roar.

Whoever quarrels with a man for his political principles, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought, moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groat; it is, therefore,

wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinions, so have others; you have a right to convince them, if you can: they have the same. Exercise your rights, but don't quarrel.

**AGRICULTURAL PROFESSOR AT OXFORD.**—At the late meeting of the Agricultural Society at Oxford, the gratifying fact was announced, that the authorities of that University would not permit another year to transpire without establishing an agricultural professorship. The country, we believe, is indebted to Dr. Buckland for the suggestion; and we understand that Mr. Sedgewick, his brother geologist at Cambridge, intends to press the same subject there. This is what ought to have been done many years ago. Indeed, it was proposed by Bishop Watson at Cambridge, on his taking the chemical chair, nearly half a century ago.

**SIMPLE REMEDY TO PURIFY WATER.**—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hog-head of water (the water stirred round at the time), will, after a lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful.

**PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.**—Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz., the *slovenliness* of his person, and his dislike to *muffins*, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the *ragamuffins*."

A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass she exclaimed, "Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, Madam, out of the decanter," replied the doctor.

**WALTER SCOTT'S ANECDOTE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.**—"There was one very good thing about him, he never forgot a friend; and I'll tell you a thing he did to me that makes me particularly say so. When he was travelling in the Tyrol, the old patriot leader, Speckbacher, was very ill, suffering from rheumatism, or something of that sort: and when he heard there was a great philosopher in the neighbourhood, he thought of course he must be a doctor, and sent to beg some advice about his complaint. Sir Humphry did not profess to know much of medicine, but he gave him something, which luckily relieved his pain; and then the gratitude of the old chief made him feel quite unhappy because he refused to take any fee. So Sir Humphry said, 'Well, that you may not feel unhappy about not making me any return for my advice, I'll ask if you have any old pistol, or rusty bit of a sword, that was used in your Tyrolean war of defence, for I have a friend that would be delighted to have any such article; and you may depend on its being hung up in his hall, and the story of it told for many a year to come.' Speckbacher struck his hands together, much pleased with his request, and said, 'Oh, I have the very thing! you shall have the gun that I used myself when I shot thirty Bavarians in one day.' The illustrious gun was given accordingly to Sir Humphry, who brought it with him on his next visit to Scotland, and deposited it with me, at Abbotsford himself.

**A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.**—A thing often heard of, but seldom seen—"A bull in a china-shop." A drove of bulls, belonging to Mr. Wall, of Malmesbury, Wilts, was passing through Charnham-street, Hungerford, when one of them entered a china-shop, belonging to a person of the name of Kent. Mrs. Kent, who was in the shop at the moment, with her back towards the door, immediately turned round; when, lo! the formidable head and horns of the bull were within a few inches of her. She had the presence of mind to retreat into the next room, and the bull deliberately walked round the counter to the window, through the glass of which he showed a great inclination to make his exit; but the neighbours by this time had collected to render what assistance they could under such awkward circumstances, and, by presenting themselves at the window, caused him to back himself out from behind the counter, whilst others assisted in clearing the counter of the goods by which it was covered. In the act of backing, the bull trod upon some earthenware, and not liking the sensation produced upon his hocks by the sharp edges of the broken platters, he commenced kicking and swinging his tail *sans ceremonie*. The result of his adventure, in a few moments, produced four flaskets of broken pieces of glass, china, and earthenware.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVANIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**—The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat-box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those on a keyed bugle), which acting (by means of galvanic power) upon various hands placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet (as each key may be struck or pressed), but the numerals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interrogation. There is likewise a cross (x) upon the dial, which indicates that when this key is struck a mistake has been made in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an "erasure" is intended. A question—such, for instance, as the following:—"How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?" and the answer could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as the West Drayton station, which is about thirteen miles and a half from Padding-

ton. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground, running parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately, throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceedingly simple that a child who could read would (after an hour or two's instruction) be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information.

**AUTOGRAPHS.**—Sir Richard Phillips claims to be the first collector of autographs, and it is certain that he was early in possession of reams of these precious relics, each arranged by the alphabetical name of the writer. He was so well aware of their value, at a time when they were little thought of by others, that he has been heard to say he would as soon part with a tooth as a letter of Colley Cibber's; and that he expected a grant of land in America for a manuscript of Washington's. William Upcott has been styled the *Emperor* of autographs, and his labours have been executed in a truly imperial style. He has had printed, for distribution among his friends and for public bodies, a magnificent catalogue on royal quarto, containing thirty-two thousand items of autographs. The greater number of these are bound in volumes, and he has spared no expense in the binding, or in the portraits, by which they are illustrated. This collection is wholly autograph; but, at the same time, it contains much that is curious and original in antiquity, history, topography, and state affairs. Thomas Thorpe, bookseller of Piccadilly, has been the *merchant* of Autographs, the purchaser of ancient and valuable manuscripts for sale. From time to time he sends out catalogues, in which each article has its marked price and date; and history and biography have been ransacked for a short elucidation of each. The Autographs collectively amount to 25,222; and the drawings and prints to 2,157. The prices annexed to the articles in one catalogue only of the manuscripts amounted to 8,929/12s. The mania for Autographs has reached France—but can France equal this!

**ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.**—The very respectable and wealthy town of Alton has had its usual quietness disturbed for several months by the freaks of some young tradesmen's sons of the town with three daughters of George B——, Esq., of Culverton House, late of Calcutta. The young ladies, it would appear, are so desirous of husbands, that they have, amongst them, eloped from their mother's care nine several times, she having had the difficult charge of them during their father's absence in India. The contiguity of the garden of Culverton House to that of the grounds belonging to the young gentlemen have, until lately, offered great facilities for communications for the young folks, but latterly the remaining daughters have been so strongly guarded and watched, that communications could only take place at a distance and by signs. One of the ladies has been married some time past, having escaped by stratagem, for "Love laughs at Locksmiths," and on the evening of August 7th a second daughter, in spite of guarded doors, high palings, long spikes, a pool of water, watchmen, &c., managed to get safe away, it being the third attempt of the young lady, and a license being ready, a union (by law established) was soon effected; and thus a second time has a Miss B—— married a Mr. G——! The third daughter, now under fifteen, waits but the opportunity to engage herself, by law, to another Mr. R G——, she being ostensibly already engaged, for she wears a ring, put on by the young man of her choice, and will not suffer it to be removed. To prevent this third daughter taking herself off, as the others have done, the mother has thought proper to remove herself, her daughter, servants, and carriage, but to what part is not yet known, having gone away at five in the morning of the 15th. It will be remembered, that at the Winchester Assizes in March last, two young men of the name of Oxford, sons of the constable at Alton (who was employed to keep the G——'s away from the premises), were convicted of assisting in the elopement of Miss Ann B—— from her mother's care, for which crime they are now suffering under a *ser en e* of imprisonment severally of twelve months and nine months, as adjudged by Mr. Baron Maule. This said Ann is the now-imprisoned daughter, removed by her mother probably to a more safe keeping than Culverton House; for although the house and premises there have more of the *tout ensemble* or *contour* of a Penitentiary prison than the residence of a lady of fortune; yet, with these precautions—as a bird will escape if there is a flaw in the wire of its cage, so may the offspring of a mother, bred and reared in an Oriental clime.

THE LONDON TIMES in alluding to the elevation of Mr Spring Rice to the Peerage, uses the following classic and courtly language.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday night recorded the elevation of Mr. Spring, alias "Rhinoceros," alias "Superficial-Inch" Rice—to the Peerage! The title he has chosen is Lord Monteagle! Bah! Lord Straddle-geese had been a more appropriate one. But go—Mr. Rice—by whatever appellation—go to the House of Lords. You and your colleagues have sufficiently dirtied the Ministerial benches in that House for your reception. Nay, there can be no doubt that you will even tower, like a bulrush among notorious weeds, over the rest of the political adventurers who have been bundled in batches into that august assembly by the pitchfork which you have yourself assisted in welding for the last nine years, and by which your colleagues now so unceremoniously hoist you out of their way and out of the Exchequer, after having denied to your entreaties and to your tears the great object of your ambition—the Speakership of the House of Commons. They are quite right—for you would have made, if possible, a more contemptible figure as Speaker than you have made as Minister. Go, Lord Straddle-geese, go the Lords pitchforked with all your blushing honours thick upon you. To the public you are known for the most inefficient—and to the House of Commons, and to all who have had dealings with you at the Colonial-office or the Treasury, you are known for the most shuffling—functionary that ever brought discredit and disgrace upon the high and important offices which your com rogues have suffered you



for a time to fill. Even they—unprincipled and bungling as they are—have become not only tired, but ashamed of you; and it will never be forgotten that your master and theirs—Daniel O'Connell—loaded you with injurious and insulting revilings, and cuffed and cudgelled you like a dog from the benches of the Commons to the very threshold of the House of Peers!

## THE ORPHAN.

A SPECIMEN OF THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

Alas for the young girl of my story! Misery had her in its grasp. Misery—that cold and speechless companion—followed her, step by step, upon her lonely path. Misery wore out her faded frock—tore her only handkerchief—let the water through her broken shoes, in to her little feet. Misery had made her bed with four small trusses of straw, and heated her stove with an ounce of fuel. Misery was her chamber-maid at morning and night. Misery spread her scanty table on her little hand, red with the cold. She went on her way, followed, and preceded, and surrounded on all sides, by her gloomy companion, Misery.—And like none other is that companion—having no heart, no soul, no smile, no tears, no pity,—naught that is proper to human companionship. Any other comrade—aye, even among comrades in gaol—attaches himself to his comrade, and shares with him the little that he has—even where he has nothing to share. But Misery is a wretch, who speaks not, sighs not, gives no assuring glance—yet presses on you with a weight like lead. And yet the poor young girl tripped lightly along her road.—She took her way to the dwelling of an aged woman—one of those aged women, the moral sewers of great towns—the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of the human passions. One of those sacrilegious wretches was she, who dishonour the sanctity of grey hairs; hideous wrinkles have they, and huge, dry, and bony hands, which they stretch out upon you at the corners of the streets, and whose touch chills you, even through the folds of your cloak. And yet that old woman had shared the lot of the young, and was herself the widow of crime. But she, in all her misery, had still a leathern chair left to sit upon, an earthen pot to put charcoal in to warm herself by, and a great cat, that she might love something. For the rest, the old woman was gloomy, dull-eyed, stoop-headed, and lank haired: but her huge cat set up its back proudly, as the young girl came in!

My heroine (alas! alas! the poor thing was trembling as a dove) advanced towards the old woman:—she stood before the hag, and spake lowly and humbly, pointing, by gesture and by look, to her invisible companion, Misery! Invisible! and yet they who have eyes may see it on the right, and the left—long, thin, and sharp—and circling, like the air, round the poor. But the old crone, stern in her own wretchedness, was stern towards the wretchedness of others. Her's was one of those tough souls which have become so, in passing over all the rough places of life—a soul battered, tanned, soiled, scraped, peeled, wrinkled, wasted, and pliable as the gum-arabic in the desk of a critic or a bailiff.

The aged woman remained for a space of time shrunk up in her contemplations, cowering, as it were, at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then lifting up her eyes, she looked on that fair thin face, whose roundness it were easy to restore—those little hands that might be made so white—that blue eye with its long lashes;—and the witch breathed from her foul breast a tainted sigh. That sweet face had brought before her the memory of happier times. In better days, how would she have rejoiced to adorn that body, whose rich form the tattered garments failed to hide—to enhance with the whitest lace, that small head so delicately turned—to cover with fine tissues those shoulders so fresh and polished—to put snowy gloves upon those snow-cold hands—to imprison within a narrow shoe that little foot, playing so prettily, and at large, within its coarse and worn-out covering! What a master-piece could the vile hag have made of that starving girl! She would have wrought a miracle upon her, like that of Pygmalion. And when her master-piece was created—when it stood in beauty, erect on its pedestal, warmed by the sun, and sparkling at once from the light from within, and the light from on high, then would the wrinkled and dirty-petticoated Phidias have summoned around her handy-work all the connoisseurs from city and from court. Then would this hag-Pygmalion have put her statue up to public sale, and prostituted her Galatea for gold;—for such had been amongst the pleasant and profitable occupations of the witch in her better days!—Before the aspect of the fair young girl, her dull countenance expanded into an expression of something like intelligence. She gazed from head to foot, and from foot to head, on the unformed and charming block. She paused—like the artist of Lafontaine before the marble of Carrara. "Shall it be a god, a table, or a wash-hand basin? It shall be a god!" says the artist, in the first burst of his enthusiasm. "But then—the art! Who now-a-days cares for art?" The sculptor, about to form a god, remembers suddenly that the gods have no longer a worship! and the marble beneath his hand becomes a wash-hand basin. The hag shook her head with an air of discontent: she, too, felt that she had lost her god! "My child," said she to the poor girl, "I can do nothing for you, my child! I am dying with hunger myself while I speak to you. There come no more customers to my shop, so frequented of old. No one knocks by night at my door; and by day vainly does that door stand open. Misery! misery! misery!" And she caressed her great cat; and the great cat put up its great back. And the young girl sate herself hopelessly down on the ground before the old hag's fire. That fire was the earthen pot, filled with ashes, but nigh exhausted, and sending forth an odour like the foul breath of one in a fever. And as she thus sate she was face to face with the hag; and the old woman, with a look of regret, and almost of pity, passed her withered fingers through the long fair hair—an unpremeditated act, which brought vaguely back into her mind the caress she had long ago bestowed upon the fleeces of her flock. Pliant, and silky, and thick, and free from all corrupting essences, were those bright tresses. They were the tresses of a poor and unoccupied girl, who has nothing better to do than adorn herself with the sole adornment which is left her. The rich curls floated down about her white and slender neck, and clustered in ringlets around her ivory forehead. The aged hag play-

ed with their shining masses. A breath of wind disturbed the ashes in the earthen pot, and the small white flakes fell upon the long fair hair; and when they descended you could not have shown the spots on which they rested—so bright were the colours of those flaxen tresses. Suddenly a thought struck the hag! "Wilt thou sell thy long hair!" said she to the poor young girl.

Cowering down as she was over the earthen pot (for the child was cold), her senses stupified by hunger and the foul vapour of the almost extinguished charcoal, (that bastard opium, provided for the suicides of the poor)—the deserted girl scarcely heard her. The words "sell thy hair" sounded in her ears like words heard in a dream—one of those dreams of hunger and of cold which fill up the sleep of the friendless—painful dreams which linger the live-long night, and are yet regretted when the morning has dispelled them. Oh! cold and hunger make heavy dreams! but even these are light beside the waking pangs that realise the visions! The old woman, with the cool unconcern of a shop-woman about to give false measure, and holding the rich tresses by the roots, set about comparing their length with the length of her arm; and the bright and silken hair, matched against the stringy tendons which stretched beneath her own yellow skin, took from the contrast a hue yet more tender. The hag herself, unconsciously struck by the contrast, sate long with outstretched arm, gazing by turns upon the glossy ringlets and the withered arm. While yet she gazed—a thin, gray fibre of hair straggled out from beneath the dirty cap of the withered crone; it was as if the dry and meagre lock had looked forth, to gaze with envy upon the flowing ringlets of the fair young girl! "Wilt thou sell thy hair?" asked the hag. "It is a good ell in length: and, if thou wilt, I will bring thee fifteen francs."

The young girl, tossing her rich tresses first on one side, and then to the other, and parting, with her wasted fingers, the ringlets that clustered round her forehead, lifted up her large moist eyes, and answered with a sad smile. But she was hungry; and the strife of hunger against her innocent and enfeebled vanity, was too unequal. For fifteen francs she sold the treasure of her beautiful hair! The old woman stooped down, and busied herself, amid the interruptions of her asthmatic cough, with a basket in which slumbered the great cat. Gently, as if she had herself been gentle, she disturbed the cat, and commenced a search amongst the materials of his bed.

It was a large basket, filled with rags—old scarfs, once rose-coloured, but faded now, of which she made wrappers for her head—collars and tippets, their plaits destroyed, and themselves fallen into holes, which she manufactured into pocket handkerchiefs—old clocked stockings, some with silken feet, and for the most part without heels, either of silk or of wool. These she flung about her on all sides. The strange things were scattered round the chamber—old knots of rose-red riband—the bed-gown of dimity, befitting the morning—stains, holes, ragged embroideries—all the horrible pe-le-me-le of a vicious and faded luxury, were mingled in that filthy basket; and beneath the whole lay a pair of scissors. That pair of scissors was the object of the witch's search. And then she took the scissors; and raising in her hand the tresses of the starving girl—unto the very roots—even until she grazed the skin—began to cut, or rather saw, that ample and flowing covering, which might have been the envy of a queen. And the old hag sawed, and the scissors creaked, and the young thing sate cowering over the ashes and spoke not a word. Pope has written a poem on the "Rape of the Lock," and Marmontel has translated Pope's poem. But there was none to sing of the long bright hair which fell beneath the hand of the unhallowed hag. Three quarters of an hour did her infamous labour go on,—and then the sacrifice was consummated!

When all was done, the beautiful spoil was inclosed in an old theatrical journal,—another wreck of the vile opulence of former days. The poor child held out her hand; and the witch gave her fourteen francs, instead of the fifteen promised. And the young girl arose, and went silently forth. But the cold was piercing, and its cold shafts fell direct and sharp upon her shorn head. An hour ago and a simple cap of gauze was covering enough for that pretty head; but now, the frost pierced to her brain, and was sore to bear. Gone were alike its beauty and its warmth—the glossy ringlets and the genial covering; and from their meagre price, the poor girl was obliged to buy a warm cap, ere she bought bread. And then, the rest lasted six days—six mortal days of loneliness and weariness. But her morning's joy was gone!—her once proud moment, in each melancholy day, when, in a fragment of broken mirror, she had been wont to gaze upon her long fair hair. She had parted with that un-failing clothing made so rich by the hand of nature, which had used to console her with the thought of its beauty, when, at times, she would grieve that she had no bonnet. And all this was lost to her for a long—long time.

And then, again came hunger; and again came her sad companion, Misery,—sudden and more silent than before! And the poor girl went back to the dwelling of the hag, pressing her forehead—her naked and despoiled forehead—with her two thin hands! The old woman was seated as she entered. She was darning; and as she darned, she hummed a bacchic song, which had stolen into her memory because she was athirst. She scarcely looked on the humble and timid girl, who stole, as the friendless and forsaken steal, into her den.

"All that I can do for you," said the hag, abruptly, and roughly, "is to purchase that tooth there, which is not wanted for anything that you can have to eat!"

And she laid her infective finger upon a white and pearly tooth, worth a kingdom's purchase where it grew. The tooth which she touched—that accursed hag!—was the very tooth which earliest shows itself in a smile—the tooth first seen between the parting roses of the lips—the tooth which rests upon the lover's brow—the tooth which shapes the sweet words "I love thee." It gives their charms to smiles, their grace to tears, its accent to love, and to the flute player his tone. Take away that tooth, and farewell flute, and farewell love! That very tooth it was which the profane old sybil touched. And then, too, with such a careless air; and there was such an easy indifference and defiance about the wretch, as she chattered over her unholy bargain.

"The young girl might take her offer, or leave it, just as she pleased! It was only for the sake of doing her a service! So much the worse for her if she did not choose! it was her own loss! There was plenty of teeth to buy and sell! Had she not given her a fair price for her hair?"

The neglected girl, stupefied with sorrow—indifferent besides, and too poor to think of being lovely—the forsaken girl said, "Yes!"—and the hag led her to the dwelling of a dentist. In the chain of existence, the dentist is, as are the sculptor and the painter, the artist of luxury. A man must be prosperous and well to do in the world, who buys a picture or a statue, or who gets his teeth put into order. The dentist of our old woman hastily displayed his case, prepared his instruments, and examined the mouth of the young girl. But when he beheld it so healthy—so rosy, fresh, and sweet (for all its teeth were regular as a string of pearls, and had the firm and warm tone which announce duration)—then the dentist avowed that he saw no pretext for operating on that pretty mouth.

"I do not see a single tooth to straighten or to polish," he said, restoring the instrument to the case.

"You are to extract that tooth there," said the old woman; "I have occasion for it."

"I dare not do it," returned the dentist.

"Then we will seek another dentist," cried the old woman.

The dentist reflected that it was useless, if the tooth must come out to leave it to be extracted by another. And then the times are very hard! He took out his instruments again, and approached the young girl.

"If I took out one of the teeth from the lower jaw," he said, in a whisper to the old woman, "the loss would not be seen."

The unmoved hag again pointed with her skinny finger to the tooth which she had selected; and the dentist proceeded, without further remonstrance, to his operation. It was long and painful. The tooth held on by its deepest roots. The poor girl suffered a frightful torture. But the dentist was a skilful dentist; and the tooth yielded at length, coming forth at the end of the instrument, with only a small portion of its socket adhering. The young girl was faint, and they gave her water to drink. Then the old hag put eighteen francs into her hand—and after a moment's pause, she added two more; for the reflections arose within her, that the tooth would not shoot again, as the hair might; and the hag was just, after her own fashion. Oh! the strange haunts in which the conscience hides! The poor girl returned to her garret, richer by twenty francs, and poorer by a tooth! But when she saw herself again in her broken glass, and beheld her swollen mouth, and the chasm opened between her red lips—when she heard the air from her lungs whistle as it issued through her teeth, and saw the strange contortion which had replaced her sweet smile—when she felt that her landlord, as she paid him, spoke to her with less of compassion than had been his wont—and when she heard echo through her soul that dreary word, "Ugly! thou art ugly!"—then did the poor and half-naked girl feel herself poorer and more naked than she had ever done before; and she sat down and sobbed—though her eyes gave no tears. And then, in the bitterness of her sorrow, she bowed her head upon her hands, and that brought fresh grief; and, as she felt its nakedness, in this hour of her shaken spirit and deep desolation, her hands recoiled from the touch, as if they had met with red-hot iron!

Twenty days longer she lived upon her tooth—twenty sad and cheerless days—twenty days that heard no word of friendship, and saw no smile. She had lost the sole protectors that nature had given, and fortune left her,—her sweet smile and her fair hair! She had sold the two friends of her youth! She had parted with the rich ornaments that cost her nothing, and yet were so precious, and that nothing would replace. She had lain hands upon herself;—more wretched, and more to be pitied, a thousand times, for this suicide in detail, than all the young girls who perish entirely and at once, the victims of a wronged and slighted love!—And then that sad companion of her orphaned fate had been removed but by the thickness of a hair and the breadth of a tooth; and Misery came back—and came more livid and more lean than before—and spread his huge bat's wings around the unfortunate girl—and counted her teeth, one by one, and her hairs one by one. And at length driven from her garret, and bearing with her from that asylum only her broken bit of mirror—as one bears about one a remorse—she wandered through the streets, and once more took the path to the old hag's dwelling. The aged wretch was at her solitary meal. She was eating soup from a broken porringer. It was a succulent and fragrant soup, enriched with vegetables and pieces of savoury meat floating amid the broth. The poor girl gazed on the old woman as she ate, and she felt that she was hungry; but the hag felt it not. Yet she did not forget her cat, to whom she left the bottom of the porringer—the richest portion of the broth. The well-fed cat was long ere it would touch the soup; and the poor girl felt that it would not have waited so long for her! When the cursed old hag had wiped her chin with her arm, her arm with her hand, and her hand on the pocket of her petticoat, she said to the young girl,

"I have found something else for thee, my child, since thou hast courage. Come along with me; and I will take thee to one who will pay thee well. Come on—and tremble not!"

"I will go with you," said the miserable orphan, "but I am hungry.—Give me a morsel of the bread which I see there, and I will eat it as I go along."

So saying, she seized eagerly on the bread: but the hag arrested her arm.

"It would do thee harm, child! It is lucky for the business which we have in hand, that thou hast not eaten."

And the two went out together. But the old hag did not choose to be compromised by the public contact of one poorer than her poor self; and she desired the poor girl to walk at a distance, and follow whither she should lead. Now the old woman had on new shoes purchased with the orphan's hair; whereas the orphan wore a pair of old slippers, and full of holes. The old woman had a shawl over her shoulders, bought with the orphan's tooth; while the shoulders of the orphan were almost bare.—They passed before a house of showy appearance in the Rue de Tournon, traversed a spacious court, and mounted a narrow staircase on the left hand. When they reached the second story, the old woman rang a bell;

the door was opened by a servant in rich livery, and the two females were introduced into the house. The apartment had a promising look. There was a turning-lathe in the middle of the room, evidently designed for amusement more than labor, and fitted up in a manner which announced rather the toy of a young man of good family, than the machine of a simple workman. In the corner of the room a tall young man, lancet in hand, and in the attitude of the most profound pre-occupation, was busied in scientifically bleeding a cabbage-leaf. He selected the most delicate veins of the innocent vegetable; and when by the use of his instrument, he had succeeded in drawing a little blood,—that is to say, a small issue of the whitish juice of the leaf,—he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, as self-congratulatory as if he had just given the finishing turn to a pipe for himself, or a silk-reel for his sisters. The old woman approached, dragging after her the young girl.

"M. Henri," said she to the young man, "I have brought you the vein for which you applied to me. Look there! abundant choice for you is here, I should think! Look how all these pretty veins cross each other, beneath the silvery skin. This is better than your cabbage leaves, I fancy!"

And M. Henri—an Esculapius of eighteen years old, a physician of fifteen days' standing, and an anatomist since yesterday—took the white and beautifully-shaped arm, and looked at it with a small smile of self-sufficiency. He gazed—not on the poor girl, so pale, and yet so beautiful—not on the young bosom which throbbed so wildly—not on the eye, blue as heaven, which looked up to him so supplicatingly—not even on the hand, so delicately small, which lay in his own:—of all that charming body, he gazed only on one object—one single vein! Without uttering a word—cold and insensible as his own lancet, he made on the blue vein of that poor hungry girl—a vein which she sold to him without knowing its price—his apprenticeship as a bleeder of men—he, who, up to that day, had been a bleeder of cabbages! Behold the triumph of science over our young men of the present day! They have neither passions, nor hearts, nor pity, nor love! Shew them a beautiful woman:—she must stand at the bar of justice, to attract the notice of the student in law; she must have a vein to breathe, ere she will be looked upon by the student in medicine. Poor girls!

"And suppose you had made a mistake with the vein, M. Henri!—There would have been a woman less in the world, and that's all, I suppose!"

But then, M. Henri, knew very well what he was doing, and could not make a mistake: he had already bled such a quantity of cabbage-leaves! I will not tell you the price that Henri paid the poor trembling girl for her vein: it would make you tremble! The meanest barber of the old time would have blushed to take a fee so small for bleeding a clown.—True it is, to be sure, if the blood were to be paid for, that there flowed but little from the open vein;—for the poor girl had but little left to lose!—And M. Henri, all triumphant for his first bleeding, dismissed the two females, and he left a little blood upon the point of his lancet, that he might shew his sisters how skilful a bleeder he was become.—Stick to your cabbage-leaves, M. Henri! The old woman led the fainting girl to a tavern; and as they went along, she said,

"Thou seest, my child, that I was right in forbidding thee to eat. Nothing is more hurtful than bleeding, during indigestion. But now, that is over, we will go and drink together."

And they went and the hag drank of the wine for which the orphan paid; and if any one had said to the accursed wretch, "It is blood which thou drinkest!"—she would have answered confidently, "No—it is wine!" It was my design, when I commenced this sad history, to narrate to you, circumstantially, all the partial sales of this forlorn girl. All of her body she sold—all save that only which so many of her sex sell—her virtue! The hapless girl, after having sold her vein to a student, sold her head to a painter. She sat for a subject in the city of the plague—so pale was she! Then they put rouge upon her,—and she may be seen to-day amongst the saints, in the church of Saint-Estephe, and in the Cathedral of Antwerp. She sold her neck to a modeller; and the plaster, unskilfully applied, took away forever the down of the peach. Her shoulder and her foot she sold to a statuary—the bosses of her head to a craniologist—and her hours of slumber to a disciple of Mesmer. She sold her dreams to a cook, who speculated in the Lottery—and her entire body to the Gymnase Dramatique theatre, as a *figurante*. Had she been in London, she would have sold her corpse to a surgeon; but we live in a land where corpses are abundant and fetch nothing!

#### PROSPECTUS

#### THE CORSAIR;

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New York, January 8, 1839.

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E. L. GARVIN, PRINTER.